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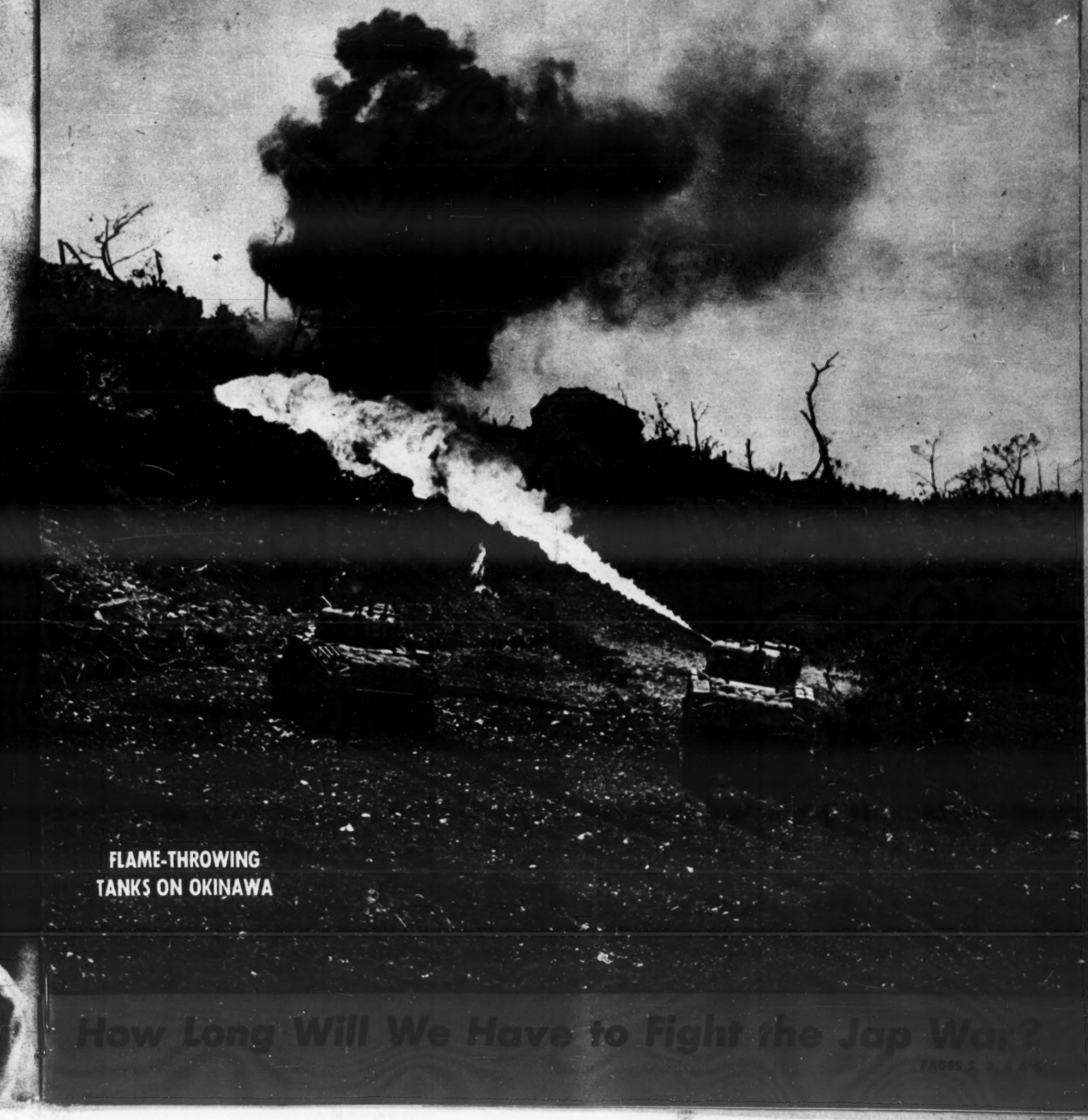
By the men . . . for the men in the service



FLAME-THROWING TANKS ON OKINAWA

How Long Will We Have to Fight the Jap War?

PAGES 2, 3 & 4

The terrain of this Okinawa battlefield marks a new phase in the Pacific war. GIs had gone on from the jungles and coral islands to fight in an open countryside where they could maneuver tanks and lay down a heavy artillery barrage. This picture shows one part of an offensive, the objectives of which extended from "Tombstone Hill" in the foreground, where the Japs had built their emplacements in and among the rows of concrete burial vaults, to "Skyline Ridge" in the background. Assault troops are on the near side of the hill; flame throwers work on Japs in center background.

YANK begins a series of articles on the Big Picture in the Far East and our last remaining enemy with a discussion of the $64 question: How long will we have to fight the Japanese?

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—The $64 question now is: "How long will we have to fight the Japanese?"

The War Department has no official answer to it, other than that neither the Army nor the Navy is basing future plans on the idea that the complete defeat of Japan will be a pushover.

Unofficially, however, a lot of guesses are being made. The predictions most often heard in the handsomely tiled latrines of the Pentagon, the War Department's giant doughnut-shaped headquarters, run from 1 to 2 years—and up.

"We can possibly get it over in 2 years, but nobody in the world can guess that," says the high-ranking officer who is frequently quoted in newspaper stories from Washington as "a military expert." He refuses to be overoptimistic.

"I don't think it will come any sooner than that unless there is a sudden collapse," he adds. "Two years would be the minimum. Once our air gets to operate on them, it's going to have a big effect. We can't deduce how much."

"We're just on the fringes of what we have to do," says a colonel whose business it is to keep informed about Japan. "The strength of Japan is in Japan and on the Asiatic mainland. We haven't touched it. Any estimate of the duration of the war is just a guess, but the figure of a year may not be a bad guess."

"It looks like a case of 12 months to get out there, and 6 months to do the job," another colonel says.

The higher brass around the Pentagon says

that three major factors—none of them predictable at this stage of the game—will decide whether it will take 1 year, 2 years or longer to win the Far East war. Put the three factors in the form of questions, and they are: 1) How long will it take to redeploy to the Pacific the Stateside and ETO soldiers who are slated for the Jap war; 2) how much punishment will the Japs take before surrendering; 3) will Russia enter the war?

WD strategists point out that because Japan has never lost a war in modern times, there is no yardstick for calculating the Japanese breaking point in this struggle. Some military historians think that Japan would have gone down in her war with Russia in 1904 if the war had lasted another six months. But Russia did not go on, and Japan chalked up a victory.

"We not only have no yardstick of our own; we don't know how long their yardstick is," one student of the Japs declares. "We know there are 36 inches in our kind of yardstick, but those Japs—maybe their yardstick is only 18 inches."

So far, both Jap soldiers and civilians have shown a phenomenal willingness to die in preference to giving up. On Saipan, Jap civilians walked off cliffs rather than come under the American flag. But slowly in recent campaigns the number of Japs surrendering has increased, though the total is still insignificant compared with the hundreds of thousands of Germans who quit when things got hopeless.

On Okinawa, up to the middle of May, 700 Japs had been taken prisoner. That figure looks tiny alongside the 33,462 Japs who were killed during the same period, but the number of prisoners captured on Okinawa looks big when measured by the number of prisoners in earlier campaigns.

In the Okinawa figures, War Department experts see evidence that "the will to collapse eventually will come." If collapse doesn't come, the plans of the high command call for wiping out the Japs. That has been done before in military history. Genghis Khan, the Asiatic conqueror of the Middle Ages, wiped out nations, and the Russians did quite a job on Napoleon's retreating army in 1812.

Current estimates say that the Japs have 75 to 100 divisions, plus 1,000,000 Manchurian and Chinese puppet troops who are organized as auxiliary military units. The Japanese draft has been less thorough and demanding than the German, so that Tokyo should have no trouble increasing the army by at least another million men. By the end of 1945 the Japs are expected to have a 6,000,000-man army.

But there is a joker in these figures. Thanks to Jap blunders and Allied strategy, Tokyo's army is badly scattered. The bulk of it is thought to be in Manchuria, and superior American air and naval forces, operating out of newly captured bases in the Western Pacific, will probably be able to keep it there—helpless to go to the aid of the homeland.

Fanning out from New Guinea, the Philippines, the Palaus, the Marianas, the Bonins and the Ryukyus, American air and seapower have already isolated the big chunk of the Jap army that is in the Dutch East Indies. These Jap forces—estimated to number from 500,000 to 1,500,000 men—appear to be as much cut off from the homeland as the army in Manchuria. Another 500,000 have been "bypassed" in pockets in New Guinea, the Solomons and various islands in the Marshalls, the Palaus and the Carolines. These, too, seem to be out of the real running.

THE Jap strategy at the start of the war was to strike fast on a tremendous front—a front several times the width of all Europe. At first this strategy was a brilliant success. The Japs were able to capture vast areas before a defense could be prepared.

On the same day they hit Pearl Harbor, the Japs struck at the American possessions of Guam, Wake, Midway and the Philippines. They also hit Hong Kong, the rich British colony on the China coast, and the British protectorate of Malaya far to the south. Within a few months the Japs held almost everything of value south of Alaska and west of the Hawaiian Islands.

In addition to their other conquests, they had Burma, the Dutch East Indies, most of New Guinea, half the Solomons, most of the Gilberts and Marshalls and bases for an assault on New

The Jap War

Zealand and Australia, the two big white countries of the South Pacific.

The turning point came in April when American troops were rushed to the Free French island of New Caledonia off eastern Australia. In August, Marines staged the first American offensive action of this war by landing on Jap-held Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands northwest of Australia.

Our strategy since then has been to leap-frog toward Japan. We capture a base, build an airfield and from it launch planes to cover the seizure of the next base. The process has brought us across thousands of miles of the Pacific to within a few hundred miles of the Jap homeland.

One of our forces hopped along the coast of New Guinea from Woodlark Island to Lae to Saidor to Hollandia to Biak to Morotai. Another force came from Guadalcanal to New Georgia to Vella Lavella to Bougainville until it merged with the New Guinea troops. A third, starting from the Hawaiian Islands, fought through the atoll route from Tarawa to Makin to Kwajalein to Guam to Saipan to Palau. A fourth, composed of British forces, drove out of India into Burma and is just finishing the work of expelling the Japs there.

The Philippines, retaken 3 years after the Jap conquest, are evidently to play the role in the Pacific that the United Kingdom played in the invasion of Fortress Europe. The winning of Okinawa, where fighting is still under way, will cut the Jap supply lines to Formosa, Pentagon experts say, and make it possible for us to neutralize that island or invade it.

Military doctrine is that a battlefield must be isolated as a prelude to victory. That was the theory behind AAF and RAF bombings of German railroads. From Okinawa, our planes will be able to attack any ships or planes that attempt to run down to the help of Formosa. The enemy will be cut off from his reinforcements.

With the Philippines taken and Formosa occupied or at least neutralized, the way will be clear for an American invasion of the China coast. Then, air and navy bases at spots like Shanghai and Nanking would pave the way for an attack on the Japanese homeland.

Some such plan, according to various military commentators, is obvious from a study of the present war map in the Pacific, though whether and how soon there will be an American invasion of Formosa, China and the Japanese homeland are matters for the top-secret files.

In weighing the strengths and weaknesses of the Japs, an officer in the Pentagon who knows the enemy particularly well says that "one of the Japs' main strengths is that they're Japanese."

"They have a fanatical belief in their way of living," he points out. "They have a saying that death is lighter than a feather and duty is heavier than a mountain. That's why a Jap, if he's told to do something, does it, by gosh, even if he dies doing it."

The Japs have said that they are ready to lose 10,000,000 men, if necessary, and have talked seriously about this war lasting 100 years.

"One more point in the psychological favor of the Jap is that he has been taught that he can take privations longer than we," says another colonel whose business it is to study the Japs. "He says that we are soft and decadent, that if he can hold out long enough and cause us enough casualties, we'll give in. He says we like our holidays and easy living. He says he doesn't bother with such things—everything goes for Japan and the emperor. The Jap relies a great deal on 'spiritual superiority,' which is his phrase for tenacity."

Geography, nearly everybody agrees, is a trump card in the Japs' hand. They are not only far from the Continental United States, but the terrain of their homeland is much like the rugged mountain country of Italy. There is not much of a road net over these mountains, which will hinder the use of armor just as in Italy, and the terrain will provide the defenders with good hide-outs from air attacks.

Economically, however, the homeland is no fortress. The food supply is anything but generous, and the islands lack some 80 important raw materials, including such vital items as nickel, chrome and manganese.

In normal times Japan depends heavily on China, Korea and Manchuria for essential imports. Without these imports, it's said, she cannot keep her war production going indefinitely. The Japs, however, have had foresight enough to build up big stockpiles of such necessities as scrap iron, which she began to import from America long before Pearl Harbor. Strategists figure that Japan can carry on for many months after planes and warships have cut her last lines of communication with the outside world.

Japan's population is estimated at from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000—some 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 fewer than the United States. But the Japanese population is less productive than ours. The Japanese do far more of their work by hand than we do, with the result that it takes many more man-hours to build a battleship in Japan than in the United States.

The average Japanese farm is only 2.5 acres compared with 155 acres for the typical American farm, so that in agriculture as well as industry the potential output of the people is limited by inadequate use of machines. Plane production is placed at only one-eighth of ours.

The Jap airforce suffered a major defeat in the Philippines, and the often vanquished Jap navy is now far inferior to the American fleets. Jap artillery is not as good as that the Germans had, but in small arms the Japs rate in several ways with the best armies.

THE major Allied weaknesses are the distance to Japan and the current lack of facilities for the men who must be shipped from the ETO during the next 12 months.

Whereas the United Kingdom is only 3,000 miles from New York, Manila is 6,200 miles from Frisco and 13,000 to 14,000 miles from Europe, where the bulk of American combat troops still are. And Manila is 1,700 miles from Tokyo, 50 times as far as Normandy is from England.

Manila, which looks like the staging area for the rest of the war, must be almost entirely rebuilt. Our forces reentered Manila to find 500 ships sunk in the harbor, every dock and crane damaged, only a handful of houses standing and no electric power except that from a small plant in a shattered brewery. To accommodate the forces that will be shipped out to fight Japan, the Army will have to carry out "the biggest dwelling-construction program ever undertaken by man."

Despite these handicaps, the War Department has officially estimated that the 6,968,000 soldiers to be left in the Army after the current discharges will be enough to defeat Japan "quickly and completely."

Allied forces will be in the fight with us. The Chinese Army has been estimated at from 2,000,000 to 3,500,000 men, though lack of training and adequate equipment, together with the absence of a military tradition, has meant the Chinese have been unable to make war on modern terms.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill has pledged that Britain will go "hand in hand" with the United States and the British Dominions in the fight on Japan. The Australians and New Zealanders, whose national survival hinges on the defeat of Japan, continue in the fight to the extent that their comparatively small populations permit. The Aussies are currently fighting Japs in Borneo, outside the strong New Britain base of Rabaul, on Bougainville and in New Guinea.

Russia, which has had periodic trouble with Japan for half a century, this spring notified Tokyo that the Soviet Union would not renew the non-aggression pact that expires next April. Both Russia and Japan have had large armies facing one another on the Manchurian border for several years. In 1938 and 1939 the two forces clashed in "skirmishes" that were really full-scale battles. All responsible American officials, however, have warned repeatedly against speculating about future Russo-Jap relations.

It all balances up like this: Jap tenacity, manpower and geographical remoteness against Allied tenacity, manpower, greater productive capacity, better artillery, bigger navies and bigger air forces.

Just now, the Pacific war is considerably ahead of schedule. At both Peleliu and Leyte, natives and prisoners said that the Japs knew that the Americans were coming but did not expect them for another two months. In both places coast defense guns lay unassembled; work crews had still to put them in operating position.

The War Department plan calls for redeploying men from the ETO and the States so fast that the Japs will not have time to build up defenses or assemble reinforcements at spots where the Japs may figure the next invasions will come.

"Speed is essential," the WD says, "for it is vitally important that we do not give the enemy time either to rest or reorganize his defenses."

Chronology

1941

December

7—Jap naval and air forces attack Pearl Harbor naval base in Hawaii without declaration of war. Sink or severely damage five battleships, three destroyers, one mine layer, one target ship; damage three battleships, three cruisers, one seaplane tender and one repair ship which were repaired quickly. Army, Navy and Marines lose 2,343 killed, 960 missing. Japs also attack Guam, and such strategic Philippine spots as the Cavite Naval Yard.

8—U. S. Congress declares war on Japan.

10—Japs land on Luzon in Philippines.

13—Japs capture Guam.

22—Japs capture Wake.

1942

January

2—Japs enter Manila.

23—Japs in Solomons and on New Britain; Australia appeals for immediate aid.

March

17—General MacArthur arrives in Australia; assumes command of Allied Armies in Southwest Pacific Area.

April

9—Bataan falls. Japs capture 36,000 American and Filipino troops.

18—Doolittle force raids Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe and Nagoya in Japan.

May

4-8—Battle of Coral Sea. Fifteen Jap warships sunk, including one aircraft carrier and four cruisers. U. S. loses carrier Lexington, destroyer Sims and a tanker.

25—Stilwell admits Allies took "a hell of a beating" in Burma.

June

4-6—Battle of Midway. Four Jap carriers, three cruisers, three destroyers sunk; 275 Jap planes destroyed, 4,800 Japs killed or drowned. U. S. casualties, 307; carrier Yorktown and destroyer Hammann sunk.

12—Jap landings on Attu and Kiska in Aleutians announced.

August

7—Marines launch first counter-offensive of the war, landing on Jap-held Guadalcanal and Tulagi in Solomon Islands of South Pacific.

October

25-26—Naval battle of Santa Cruz Islands. Japs lose one battleship, three carriers, and two destroyers; five cruisers damaged. U. S. loses one carrier, one destroyer damaged.

November

8—U. S. airborne troops land near Buna in New Guinea.

13-15—Naval battle off Guadalcanal. Japs lose 28 ships including two battleships, eight cruisers, six destroyers, eight transports, four cargo ships; two battleships, one cruiser, seven destroyers damaged. U. S. loses two cruisers, seven destroyers.

December

15—Allies take Buna in New Guinea.

1943

May

7—U. S. occupation of Amchitka in Aleutians in January revealed.

July

5—U. S. forces invade New Georgia.

August

15—Allies invade Vella Lavella in Solomons, and, without opposition, Kiska in Aleutians.

September

12—Salamaua in New Guinea falls to Allies.

16—Lae taken in New Guinea.

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October

2—Australians take Finschafen, New Guinea.
31—Marines invade Bougainville.

November

20—Marines invade Tarawa and Makin.

December

1—Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek draw up Pacific Charter in Cairo, pledging to strip Japan of her Pacific islands, give China all territory, including Manchuria, taken from her, and expel Japan from all territory acquired "by violence and greed."
26—Marines land on Cape Gloucester, New Britain.

1944

January

2—U. S. troops land at Saidor, New Guinea.

February

1—Army and Marines land on Kwajalein and Roi in Marshalls.
17—Marines and Army land on Eniwetok in Marshalls.
29—Admiralty Islands invaded.

March

22—MacArthur's forces land along 150-mile front in New Guinea, from Aitape to Hollandia, trapping estimated 30,000 Japs.
23—Japs invade India, march to within 22 miles of Imphal.

May

11—Japs capture whole length of Hankow-Peiping railway.
18—MacArthur's troops capture Wakde.
27—Americans invade Biak.

June

7—Chinese troops cut Burma Road, capture Lameng.
15—Marines land on Saipan in Marianas.

July

19—Tojo cabinet resigns in Tokyo.
20—Americans return to Guam.
28—U. S. troops land on Tinian in Marianas.

August

1—Allies capture 10 miles of coast in Sansapor area of New Guinea.
8—Announcement made that Allied troops in northeast India and North Burma have liquidated nine Jap divisions, killing 42,000 Japs.

September

15—U. S. troops land at Morotai and Palau.

October

19—British recapture Tiddim in Burma.
20—MacArthur's forces land in Philippines at Leyte.
22-27—In Second Battle of Philippine Sea, Japs lose two battleships, four carriers, six heavy and three light cruisers, nine large destroyers or small cruisers.

November

13—Jap offensive in China forces U. S. Fourteenth Air Force to destroy its air base at Liuchow.
24—B-29s stage first of series of raids on Tokyo from new base in Saipan.

1945

January

9—U. S. troops return to Luzon.
12—U. S. Pacific Fleet and carrier planes sink 41 ships, damage 28, destroy 112 planes in French Indo-China area.
22—Chinese troops capture Mues in Burma, complete opening of Ledo-Burma road from India to China.

February

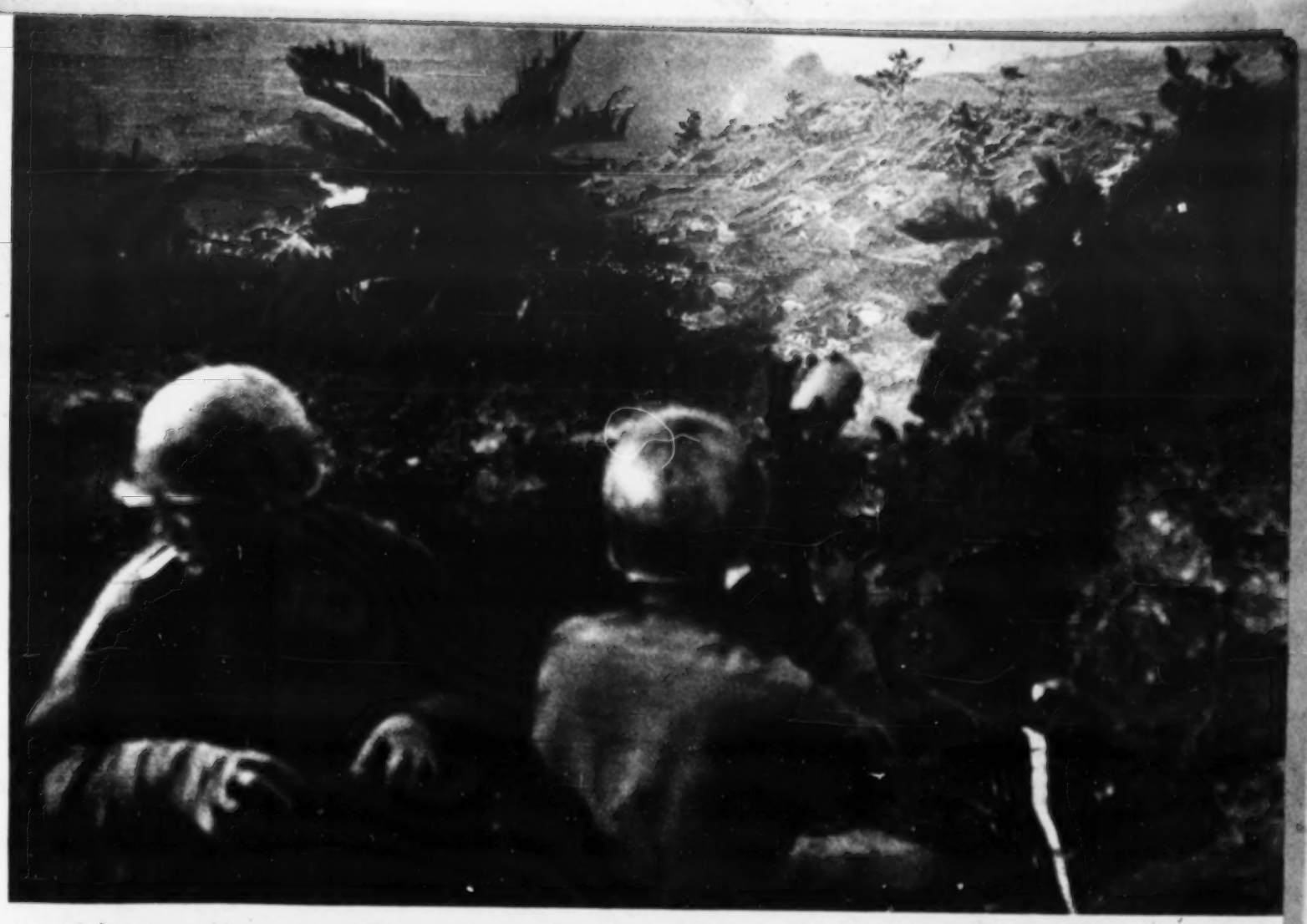
1—B-29's sink mammoth drydock at Singapore.
4—U. S. troops re-enter Manila.
15—U. S. task force raids Tokyo area.
19—Iwo Jima invaded.

April

1—Okinawa island invaded.

May

1—Aussies invade Tarakan, Borneo.
3—British retake Rangoon, capital of Burma.



A heavy machine gun crew fires on Japs holding out in caves and ridges during Okinawa campaign.

The body of a Jap lies smouldering on a ridge in Okinawa after flame throwers had worked him over.

Two GIs wait on the edge of a ridge, ready to move against some Jap emplacements in background.

Yanks at Home Abroad

This photo was found on the body of a Jap soldier. It's a pin-up of Chojiro Hayashi (left) posed with Kinuye Tanaka, a Jap actress with top billing.

Matinee Idol Dies

WITH THE 41ST DIVISION, FAR PACIFIC—The "Clark Gable of the Orient," Japan's leading male motion-picture star, has been killed in combat. The actor, Chojiro Hayashi, was a lieutenant and met his end when he and his men attempted to ambush a patrol of 41st Division Jungleers led by Capt. Ralph Thrift and Lt. Bernard Pfirrman, both of Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Yank patrol, he was just another dead Jap until examination of the battle-flag found on his person disclosed Tojo's own well-wishing autograph. Further investigation revealed the deceased looey to be none other than Hayashi, star of such popular boxoffice hits as *"Shira Ito No Taki," "Sina No Yoru,"* and *"Arashi No Chikai."* In case you don't remember the shows from your neighborhood theater, they translate into "By the Waterfall," "Night in China" and "Love Amidst the Storm."

—YANK Field Correspondent

Corked Camouflage

WITH THE 45TH INFANTRY DIVISION, GERMANY—Thirsty GIs of the 45th division will vouch that sabotage didn't stop with blowing up trains or putting emery dust in engines. During the push across the Rhine the division "captured" a warehouse full of prize French drinking material. The bottles of cognac and champagne were still in their original cases and the bottles were corked and labeled. But many a GI went dry when most of the bottles turned out to be empty. One supply corporal boasted to his friends about the prize case of Reims champagne he had scrounged, but the beautiful leadfoil-sealed bottles contained plain cider.

—Sgt. ROBERT McBRINN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Foresight and Pharmacy

ABOARD A TROOP TRANSPORT IN THE PACIFIC—The growth of penicillin has been put on a mass production basis aboard this veteran transport by Robert G. Steveley HA1c, formerly a Chicago pharmacist.

Penicillin used to be so rare and expensive that it could be made available only for the most serious wounds suffered by front-line troops. It could be used either internally or externally, but its rarity prevented wide application to flesh wounds. Steveley's penicillin is a cruder form of the original product, but it works almost as well on surface wounds. The method permits production in quantity, and Steveley expected, from the outset of the trip, to treat even cuts and minor wounds that might be incurred in the coming assault.

"We got our idea from the Hawaiian Sugar Growers' Association in Honolulu," Stevely explained. "They've been experimenting on cheaper, quicker methods of making the stuff and when we were in Hawaii several hospital attendants from other ships and I studied their methods. They showed us how to grow penicillin mould by a simple chemical reaction on which it feeds and also how to test it and use it properly."

Steveley went on to say that the whole process now takes less than a week and that it's possible to grow as many cultures of penicillin as there are bottles available in a ship's lab.

"I expect to have a couple of hundred bottles when we hit the beach," he said. "As soon as they're emptied I can refill them in a week."

Steveley needed his penicillin when the landings took place. He couldn't have found a better beachhead for putting the new wonder drug to good use.

For his transport was headed for Iwo Jima.

—Sgt. BILL REED
YANK Staff Correspondent

Ideal Army Job, Male

TEL AVIV, PALESTINE—There are at least three GIs in this world who are quite satisfied with the Army. They are Cpl. Frank J. Kelly, Kearney, N. J., Cpl. Walter Hines, Santa Rosa, N. M., and Cpl. Bruce Pitman, Indianapolis, Ind., and they have what might seem to be the ideal Army duty.

All three are experts at repairing airport beacon lights. Every two weeks they are flown to a different airfield in Africa and the Middle East. They've seen the best—and the worst—towns of two continents.

Their favorite base is Lidda, near Tel Aviv, and noted for its abundance of Scotch whisky, good food and friendly citizens. Their worst difficulty is laundry. The spot they like least, despite its historical interest in connection with the ancient Cyrenes, is Marble Arch Airfield in central Libya.

All, however, is not beer and skittles for this lucky trio. Constant flying, even over friendly territory has its rugged moments. They've had more than a few bad times like a recent landing when they circled several hours and sweated out several pounds when their B-25's landing gear refused to budge until it felt good and ready.

—YANK Field Correspondent

Ideal Army Spot, Female

PARIS, FRANCE—Wacs here are taking advantage of the fact that Paris and fashion are synonymous. A needle and thread brigade has sprung up and its "front lines" are two spare-time classes in designing and sewing—one run by a French dress designer, Mme. Michele Amblard, the other by Wac Cpl. Minette Keller. Before the war Cpl. Keller was Paris buyer for New York houses, studied designing with Jean Patou and acted as stylist for Hollywood studios.

At present the Wacs are using bolts of black rayon left behind by the Germans, but eventually they're due to get materials from home. It will all add up to a super fashion show for their sister Wacs.

New material or no new material, however, most of the girls have really found a niche in the Army. They never thought, when they enlisted, that they'd be "creating" in Paris. They stitch happily, take their instructions from Mme. Amblard through a busy interpreter or from Cpl. Keller direct, and dream of the creations they'll be able to yank out of their barracks bags when they set foot again on U. S. soil.

—YANK Field Correspondent

1ST SGT. FRANKENSTEIN. Pfc. Bob Karnes (left) and Sgt. George Shaefer try out a couple of top kick stripes on Boris Karloff, who looks the part. Karloff was in Hawaii acting in a Special Service production of Arsenic and Old Lace. Pfc. Karnes was stage manager and Sgt. Shaefer directed the show.

FAMILY REUNION. These two GIs are father and son. S/Sgt. James M. Shively, 47, an infantryman with the 88th Division, saw his son Cpl. James B. Shively (left) for the first time in more than two years when he paid him a visit at his base in Italy.

Okinawa Cemetery

TENTH ARMY HEADQUARTERS, OKINAWA—Sgt. John Bucharski of New York City poked his head out of one of the stone tombs that are almost as numerous as dwellings on this thickly populated island and said, "Now I've seen everything."

Sgt. Bucharski had been with a group of soldiers who found six civilians hiding in one of the tombs. After the civilians had been persuaded to come out, he crawled inside to see if they had left any personal belongings. They had —the bones of their honorable ancestors.

"The place was full of vases and the vases were full of bones," Bucharski said.

Many other GIs have been surprised at this Okinawan custom, which dates back many generations.

After an Okinawan dies, his body is embalmed and placed in a sitting position on one of the four or five steps in his tomb. Food and water are left for each corpse. After 3 years a girl—according to the formula she must be a virgin —is given the doubtful honor of entering the tomb and scraping the bones of their remaining flesh. This flesh is scattered over the nearby fields for fertilizer. The bones are separated at the joints and placed in large vases. More food and water are left for each vase of bones. Many tombs contain several vases, the deceased of an entire family over a period of years.

Generally the tombs are about 15 feet square and their domed tops rise to a height of 20 feet. They have walled courtyards in front of them and their entrances are usually only about 2 feet square — sometimes sealed with slabs of stone, sometimes left open. The domed ceilings are as much as 8 feet thick and the sidewalls about 2 feet.

They are among the most unusual objects the GIs here have seen, but the most unusual thing about them is that, to date, the Japs have only rarely used them as hiding places for snipers.

—Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

The Uninvited

THE PHILIPPINES—Japanese military reviews are generally held without the benefit of U. S. military observers, but U. S. pilots of a Fifth Air Force Mustang fighter formation working out of here, recently revised the Jap review schedule.

Breaking through a low-hanging cloud formation above Jap-held Hainan Island, the fighters found themselves smack in the middle of a formal parade on Sun Ya airdrome with leading Jap figures in the reviewing stands.

It was a highly successful parade for everyone but the Jap casualties.

—YANK Field Correspondent

GI Questions from GIs

By Cpl. MAX NOVACK
YANK Staff Writer

THE average GI still has a lot of questions in his system concerning the GI Bill of Rights and YANK *continues its policy of printing typical questions on provisions of the law together with their answers.*

YANK already has printed pages covering general questions and questions on the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. Future pages are planned to cover housing loans, farm loans and unemployment compensation.

This questions-and-answers page deals with the business-loan provisions of the law.

Out here in the Pacific we have had a lot of arguments about the business-loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. Some of the guys say that a GI must have had at least two years of service before he can apply for a loan. I have heard that a vet only had to have 90 days' service to get in on these benefits. Am I right?

■ You are right. To be eligible for these benefits of the GI Bill of Rights (for that matter, for any of the benefits of the law) a veteran has to have had only 90 days' service and been discharged with something better than a dishonorable discharge.

Does the Veterans' Administration loan the actual cash to a guy going into business, or must a guy, as I suspect, make a deal with his bank before he can get a business loan guaranteed under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ The Veterans' Administration does not loan any money. The money must be borrowed from an outside source—i.e., a bank, a money-lending agency or an individual who is capable of servicing a loan. All the Veterans' Administration does is guarantee 50 percent of the loan.

Do veterans have to pay any interest on these loans or does the Government pay all the interest for them?

■ Most of the interest must be paid by the veteran out of his own pocket. During the first year of the loan the Veterans' Administration pays the interest on that part of the loan which it guarantees. Thus, if you get a $4,000 loan, the Veterans' Administration will pay the interest on $2,000, or $80, during the first year of the loan. You will have to pay the other $80 for that year and *all* the interest on the balance of the loan thereafter.

What is the maximum rate of interest which a veteran will have to pay on such a business loan?

■ The interest on these loans may not exceed 4 percent a year.

I am a lieutenant in the Air Forces and plan to set up my own haberdashery shop after the war. Will I be permitted to get a loan under the GI Bill of Rights even though I am an officer?

■ You will. Your rank, no matter how high you may go before your separation from the service, will have no bearing on your right to the benefits of the law.

When I get out I plan to go into the house-painting business. I will need very little equipment which I do not already own, but I will need a car to transport my equipment from job to job. Will I be able to get a business-loan guarantee to buy an automobile?

■ Yes. But only if the automobile is necessary and is to be actually used in the conduct of your business.

From what I read in the papers, prices are pretty high and I would like to look around for a while before I start planning my post-war business after I get out. Must I go into business immediately after I get out of the Army in order to take advantage of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ You do not have to go into business immediately. You have plenty of time to look around and check your investment carefully. You must apply for these benefits within 2 years after you are discharged or 2 years after the officially declared termination of the war, whichever is later. In this regard you should remember that the United States was not officially out of the first World War until July 1921.

Are all business loans under the GI Bill of Rights paid off in 20 years or does the purpose for which the loan is granted change the length of time within which the loan must be repaid? What bothers me is this—I know from my past business experience that a man going into business may need money for various purposes. For example, I may want to buy a going concern outright or I may want to buy machinery or I may want to buy supplies for a business which I already own. Does the 20-year provision apply to all types of business loans?

■ It does not. Just how long a veteran will have to repay a business loan will, of course, depend on the bank or money-lending institution with which he does business. However, in no case will a veteran get more time to repay a loan than is indicated below:

1) A vet who wants to buy business real estate (land and buildings) will get a maximum of 20 years to pay off his loan.

2) A vet who wants to buy a business outright, which might include a combination of both real and personal property, will get a maximum of 5 years to pay off his loan.

3) A vet who wants to buy equipment, including machinery and tools, might get as much as 3 years to pay off his loan.

4) A vet who wants to buy supplies, which include articles normally used in the operation of a business or profession, would have to repay his loan in 1 year.

All this may sound very complicated but it is based on the theory that no loan will be granted for a greater length of time than the property involved would normally be expected to last. Thus, paper clips and stationery, which would be disposed of rapidly, would come within the category of supplies and a loan for such articles would have to be repaid within a year.

I am planning to set up a grocery store when I get out of service. Will I be permitted to get a loan under the GI Bill of Rights for my working capital to be used in buying the groceries I expect to sell?

■ No, you will not. The one purpose for which loans will *not* be guaranteed is inventory or working capital. A veteran will be permitted to buy the business or equipment with the aid of a loan but not the product he sells. Normally such articles may be obtained on consignment or short-term credit from wholesalers.

Both my wife and I are in service and when we get out we would like to set up a furniture business with my wife running the plant and myself acting as outside salesman. Will we each be able to get a business loan under the law or will we be treated as only one veteran?

■ You will both be able to get loans guaranteed under the law. You can pool your money in one business and thus make yourselves eligible for a larger-size loan.

If the business I undertake should go bad and I cannot make a go of it, will I be eligible for the unemployment provisions of the law even though I may have set up the business with a GI Bill of Rights loan?

■ You will. If your business folds up and you are not earning any money, you will be eligible for $20 a week unemployment compensation. Should your business fall off so that you earn less than $100 during any calendar month, you will become eligible for the difference between what you earn and $100.

I expect to get a disability discharge in a few weeks. I have talked to Veterans' Administration people and they tell me I'll probably rate a pension of about $40 or $50 a month. I have also been contemplating borrowing some money for a business I'd like to set up. However, I have read a couple of newspaper stories that make me wonder if it wouldn't be too risky. According to these stories the Veterans' Administration will grab my pension to pay off my loan if my business goes bad. Is that true?

■ No, it is just hooey. The Veterans' Administration will *not* deduct the money you owe them from your disability pension. Only where the veteran is guilty of fraud may such a deduction be made. In all other cases the pension will *not* be touched by the Veterans' Administration.

While I have been in service I have worked out a new formula which should revolutionize my business. To put the formula over I'll need quite a bit of dough and I have been discussing this with three of my buddies. They have agreed to come in on the deal with me if they can get GI Bill of Rights loans for the business. Will we each be able to get such a loan and put it into one joint business venture?

■ You will. Each of you will be treated as an individual veteran and should be able to get a loan on his own hook. The joint money can be used for the one deal if the money lending agency and the Veterans' Administration agree that you have a reasonable likelihood of succeeding in the business.

I am a Regular Army man and I have over 10 years of service under my belt. If I decide to leave the service after the war will I be eligible for a business loan under the GI Bill of Rights or are only men who joined up under the draft law entitled to these benefits?

■ Both regulars and selectees are entitled to these benefits. To be eligible for the benefits a veteran need only show that he was in service on or after September 16, 1940 and before the end of the war.

My mother and dad are both in their sixties and are having a pretty tough time living on the $68 a month they get via my allotment. Recently they wrote and said that they had an opportunity to go into a little business of their own if I could raise about $1000 for them. The way I see it they could get the business started while I am in service and I could take it over when I get out. Can I get a loan under the GI Bill of Rights for this business while I am still in service?

■ No, you cannot. The benefits of the law are available only to veterans. You will not be able to get such a loan until you have been discharged.

Is it true that a GI has to pay a brokerage fee in order to get a business-loan guarantee under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ No. Commissions, brokerage or similar charges may *not* legally be assessed against a veteran for getting a loan guarantee.

Julius Streicher left the citizens of ruined Nuremberg to their fate before we entered it.

STREICHER OF NUREMBERG

By Cpl. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

NUREMBERG—This was once the city of toys, probably the most delightful place in the world for children during the Christmas holidays. With its twelfth-century walls surrounding the old part of the town, its castle on a hilltop, its towers and its spires, its crooked little streets, it looked like something Walt Disney might have created. It was the dwelling place of woodcarvers and handicraftsmen of all sorts, the home of the *Meistersinger*, whom Wagner dramatized in his opera. Its dolls and puppets, lead soldiers and mechanical toys went to all parts of the world.

Like a Disney cartoon, Nuremberg had its villain, and because of his villainy his city has been smashed so that it now looks as though some angry story-book giant had strode through it, crashed his fist down on a crumpled tower here, a row of buildings in the dust there, and finally, in his wrath, tumbled great stones from the castle on the hill down upon the populace below. Its picture-postcard vistas are destroyed. Nuremberg as a relic of medieval Bavarian splendor is no more.

The villain of this piece—no fairy tale—was Julius Streicher, a brutal, forceful man; a lusty old goat whose strength and vitality charmed women by the score; a man who was ruled by sex passions and dug his political grave with them; a coward at heart who always carried a heavy riding crop and who gloried in the title of "The Scourge of Franconia." Streicher was the fountainhead of anti-Semitism in the Nazi Party and the inspiration for the infamous Nuremberg laws which deprived Jews of all rights as German citizens. He was one of the founders of the National Workers Party which later merged with the National Socialist Movement to become the final National Socialist Workers or Nazi Party.

Streicher took part in the first miserable effort hatched by Hitler and his gang in a Munich beer cellar to seize power in Bavaria. This effort resulted in Hitler's arrest and imprisonment and in the virtual dissolution of the Nazi Party. But Streicher remained faithful and during Hitler's prison term he held together what remained of the party organization, slowly building it up. On Hitler's release, the "Scourge of Franconia" stepped aside in favor of the *Fuehrer*.

It was not until Hitler came to power in 1933 that Streicher really hit his stride. His *Fuehrer* made him *Gauleiter* of Franconia, that is, political boss of the entire Nuremberg area. His paper, *Der Stuermer*, the most violently anti-Semitic rag in all of Germany, rode high, specializing in page-one drawings, allegedly by Streicher himself, of the flower of German womanhood being raped by badly caricatured Jews from all walks of life. There was particular emphasis on rape perpetrated by Jewish physicians once they had female patients in the privacy of their inner offices.

Anti-Semitism mixed with sex was an obsession with Streicher. His personal papers and his actions lead one to believe that he was engaged in a contest against the Jews of Germany for possession of the bodies of German women. His brutality toward the German women who had surrendered themselves to Jews was notorious. Once they were found out, he had their heads shaved and exhibited them as public spectacles in the amusement parks of Nuremberg.

It was through Streicher's influence that Nuremberg was selected as the home of the Nazi Party conventions. To accommodate the immense throng that flocked into Nuremberg for party conventions, Hitler, in his first year as Chancellor, had built the *Luitpoldhain*. A great natural amphitheater with its grassy banks terraced to provide seating space, it was the largest man-made enclosure in the world. It had at one end a great podium which curved to follow the contours of the stadium. Behind the central dais on this podium, from which Hitler addressed a cheering throng, rose four slender columns supporting swastika-decorated panels.

Orgies of nationalism were held in this setting. From his podium Hitler stormed in his hoarse, grating voice at the "international bankers" and "Jewish Bolsheviks" who were one and the same, whipping his brown-shirted followers into frenzies by the intensity of his hate.

Next to the *Luitpoldhain* was a convention hall where party leaders and representatives from all over the nation met. Both stadium and hall were temporary affairs, like exposition buildings, hastily assembled and thrown together for an occasion and obviously unsatisfactory for a party that was destined, according to Hitler, to rule Germany for a thousand years. So he built the *Zepplin Feld*, a more pretentious stadium on the same order and of approximately the same size as the *Luitpoldhain*.

Along the grandstands which flank the *Zepplin Feld* were dozens of flagpoles, each topped with a swastika encircled by a wreath, from which flags of all the provinces of Germany were flown, interspersed with the red, white and black Nazi emblem.

The new amphitheater was a photographer's dream, presenting extravagant masses of stone in intricate geometric angles to be silhouetted against a cloud-decked blue sky, with banners of the party fluttering bravely in the foreground. That was exactly how it was planned—it was the stage, the background against which the awful farce of Nazism was to be played with all the elements of drama. International Jewry was the villain.

There was also a great new amphitheater for sports and a horse-shoe-shaped congress hall of majestic proportions, never finished. Its walls are still surrounded by scaffolding and in the nearby fields stand great stones which could be fitted together like a set of building blocks.

The temporary convention hall was destroyed in raids. There were a few holes through one of the giant eagles that flanked the great podium of the *Luitpoldhain* and part of its outer wall structure was damaged. Otherwise these ugly masses of white stone remain intact like a mockery on the edge of the ruins of the beautiful old city.

THROUGH all these scenes of majesty and splendor strode Streicher the Jew-baiter dressed in riding clothes, though he never rode, or wearing his Nazi Party uniform. A spuriously fine figure of a man, he cut the air with careless slashes of his heavy riding crop and was never too busy to stop and pinch the cheek of a well-turned Franconian maiden and to inquire kindly her name and address.

His newspaper expanded steadily in circulation and prestige. One of the things that made it popular was the dirt it printed. Streicher's preoccupation with sex found a literary outlet in his newspaper, which was filled with stories of the sex crimes of the hated Jew. He clashed once with the publishers of the *Nuernberger Zeitung*, in whose plant his paper was printed on a jobbing basis. The result of this clash was that the *Zeitung* was taken over by Streicher and suppressed in favor of *Der Stuermer*, which Streicher often boasted was the only newspaper that Hitler read column by column every day.

In 1936 Streicher acquired a farm on the outskirts of Furth, a suburb of Nuremberg. Here he took up life as a country gentleman. His 20 acres of fertile land were farmed by a tenant family and in his dwelling quarters he led the good life with the best of food and drink and some new little number to warm his luxurious bed.

His wife divorced him and the scandal of his behavior spread through the peaceful Franconian countryside. In 1926, one of the original members of the Nazi Party, Kurt Hennch, who held card No. 200, discovered that Streicher was carrying on an affair with his wife. He accused Streicher openly and Streicher had him thrown out of the party. Hennch divorced his wife and pressed charges against the Nazi leader. Streicher was

convicted, fined 1000 Reichmarks and sentenced to 3 months in prison.

This was in the period of the ebb of Nazi Party fortunes and there was no way out; Streicher served his time.

An official of the *Nuernberger Zeitung* tells many stories of Streicher's behavior after the Nazis really came into power. When Nazi Ernst von Rath was murdered by a young Polish Jew in Paris in 1938, Streicher led a mob of Brownshirts through Nuremberg storming Jewish homes, tossing men and women out of their windows to the streets where they were beaten to death. His mob burned a synagogue that night.

The people Streicher gathered around him were of the same calibre as himself. His adjutant, Hans Koenig, had been involved in a number of troublesome affairs and had been forced to order several Nuremberg doctors to perform abortions for him. This was in direct conflict with the Nazi doctrine that had made abortion a capital offense. It was a denial of Hitler's effort to build up the population of Germany.

One night after a particularly troublesome scene with a young operetta star whom he'd gotten into trouble, Koenig ran his car into a tree, after first having taken the precaution of leaping out. The girl, who remained inside, was killed. This created a scandal that could not be hushed up and Koenig was forced to commit suicide. A Dr. Martin, head of the Police *Praesidium*, the Nazi equivalent of our Police Headquarters, himself placed the pistol in Koenig's hands.

For the funeral of this philandering thug, Streicher declared a holiday. All businesses and factories were shut down and all members of Nazi organizations were ordered to march in the funeral procession to the Catholic cemetery where the body was buried. The good Catholics of Nuremberg couldn't stomach this desecration and a few nights later Koenig's body was dug up and buried elsewhere.

THE same kind of incident reportedly led to Streicher's own fall from power. Streicher, the story goes, went to a Nuremberg doctor in 1939 and asked him to perform an abortion. The doctor refused. Streicher then said that if the physician knew who the father in question was he would perform the operation unhesitatingly. The father, Streicher said, was Adolf Hitler, and an immediate, secret operation was essential.

The doctor demanded time to think it over. He telephoned Berlin after Streicher left him and the next day Streicher was imprisoned. "The Scourge of Franconia" was brought before the Nazi Party Court, presided over at that time by Rudolf Hess. Hess sentenced him to death when it was brought out that Streicher had caused a number of other abortions to be performed over the years. The sentence was reviewed, however,

If you want all the evil of the Nazi product in a nutshell, then examine Julius Streicher, a man who made good in Hitler's Reich.

by Hitler himself, who commuted it to 10 years' house arrest. Streicher retired from the public scene to his farm near Nuremberg.

Streicher's farm, now an object of interest for Seventh Army GIs, is in the hollow of the rolling Franconian countryside. It consists of three great farm buildings along three sides of a huge square. Streicher's quarters were in one end of these buildings, directly opposite the quarters of his tenant family across the central court. The smell of dung from the barn, of which his home was a part, fittingly permeated his dwelling.

The story of this lusty, beer-guzzling, bawdy old goat lies exposed in his rooms. There is his library, probably the most complete collection of phony racism and anti-Semitic literature in the world. There are bound volumes of his newspapers—he edited *Der Stuermer* from here during his period of house arrest. There are his letters, including his correspondence with Goering in which he pleaded to be restored to his position in the Nazi Party because his disgrace was a source of shame for his son, Lothar, an officer in Goering's *Luftwaffe*. There is a photograph of one of Hitler's slave laborers, whose body had charmed this old satyr, inscribed "To my enemy, who is my dearest love."

A sentimental touch is added by a collection of drawings in his attic, the work of very young school children who apparently had been set to the task of drawing greeting cards in honor of the *Gauleiter's* 50th birthday some 12 years back. Crayon drawings in wavering childish scrawls, they are liberally inscribed with swastikas correctly drawn, and all wish the hero a happy birthday.

There is a large assortment of photographs taken from the files of the *SS* at Lublin, showing conditions in the infamous ghetto there. There are thousands of photographs of Streicher, his family and his pretty little friends, taken in the city and the country, in ski suits and bathing suits, at Mussolini's summer home and at Nazi Party Day celebrations. Like most Germans, Streicher was a camera fiend and there was little that escaped his handy Leica.

There is photographic evidence even of his perversion in matters of sex. His unorthodox embraces were faithfully recorded by means of his Leica, a tripod and a large bedroom mirror, with the incongruity of one hand busily concerned with the unromantic necessity for pressing the shutter release to snap the picture.

Three weeks before Nuremberg fell to the 3d, 42d and 45th Divisions of the Seventh Army, Streicher was married, with all the pomp that a showman of his talents could muster, to his young and attractive secretary. Americans were already fighting on his home soil of Franconia, but this did little to dampen the celebration. A week before Nuremberg fell, Streicher and his bride quietly slipped away southward toward Munich.

The war is over now for Streicher's Nuremberg, but when the Seventh first moved in they faced underground resistance in the city and in the heavily forested areas around it. Some GIs disappeared mysteriously and two saboteurs exploded a gasoline truck.

Beneath the city, half of whose 500,000 inhabitants remain there, is a network of ancient tunnels. In one, troops of the 80th Division unearthed the bodies of two prominent citizens—Karl Holtz, who succeeded Streicher as *Gauleiter* of Franconia, and Willie Liebel, *Burgomeister* of Nuremberg. Liebel apparently had been killed by Holtz, who then killed himself. It was the repetition of a pattern noted at Leipzig, where Nazi leaders ended their lives in the cellar under the *Rathaus* after a night of celebration, just as we were entering the city.

Holtz and Liebel were big men in their time but nobody wanted the job of burying them. Finally some German civilians were put on the job and they brought the bodies out. Holtz was wearing his general's uniform and his chest was covered with ribbons and medals. His final gesture was a full dress affair, but he had been dead a long time and medals or no medals, he was not a pretty sight.

SO it goes in Nuremberg, city of toys. The two remaining Jewish lawyers in the city have received licenses to resume practice from which they were barred by Streicher-inspired anti-Jewish edicts. A young man who is half Jewish applies to the military government for permission to marry an Aryan girl. He fell in love and courted her under the Nazi rule.

"I have been waiting a long time," he says. The AMG officer gives him a bottle of wine and his blessing.

Out at the *Luitpoldhain* Stadium, a young German stares moodily at the structure. Off to the right a group of GIs are playing softball in the hallowed grounds of the Nazi Party days. To the left is an ack-ack gun. The youth is bitter.

"Instead of building homes for the workers, Hitler and Streicher built these monstrosities," he says. "Hitler promised us that they would be a monument to the people of Nuremberg. Well, he was right. They still stand, but Nuremberg is no more."

Streicher was a spuriously fine figure of a man, never too busy to stop and pinch the cheek of a well-turned Franconian maiden and to inquire her name and address.

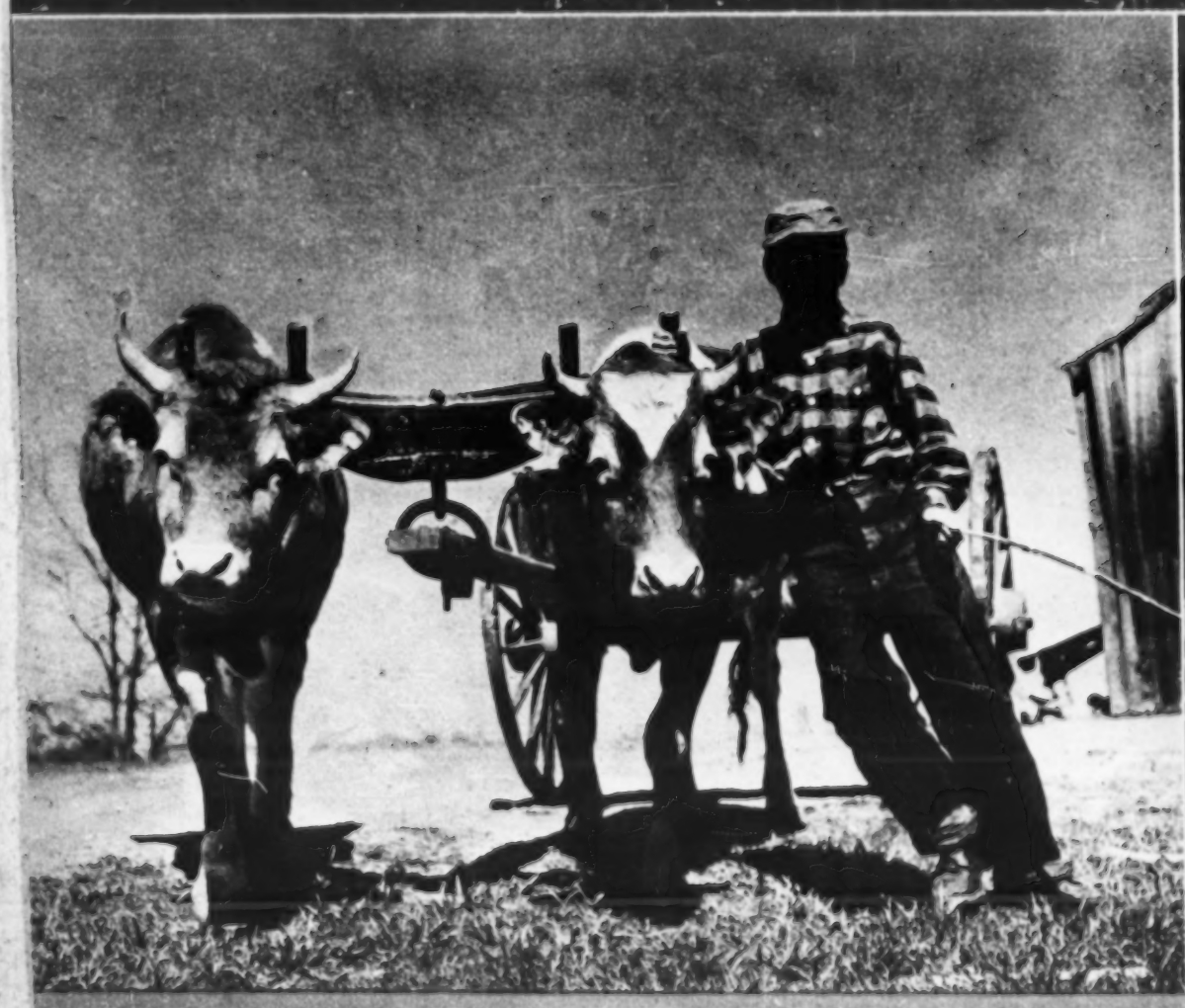
On the farm

This year's spring planting brings American farmers into their fourth war year with an enviable record. During the past three years, with hired help at its lowest level in history and new equipment almost impossible to get, they reached new all-time highs in the production of food—not only for America and our armed forces, but for foreign millions as well. Farmers worked long hours to do this, and thousands of their children helped them in the fields. YANK photographer Pvt. George Aarons toured more than 8,000 miles of U. S. farmlands to get these pictures of spring on the farm in 1945.

TEXAS **In Texas' vast cotton fields, Mexican labor has helped farmers get around the shortage of manpower. This Mexican laborer is performing one of the many manual tasks that remain despite the modern mechanization of farming: weeding Johnson grass out of a seeded cotton field. In south Texas cotton is planted as early as March 1, a time when much of the rest of America's farmland is under snow. On the far horizon are oil well installations which dot practically every Texas farm. One big crop, maize, aside from being used as cattle feed, is combined with this oil in the making of synthetic rubber.**

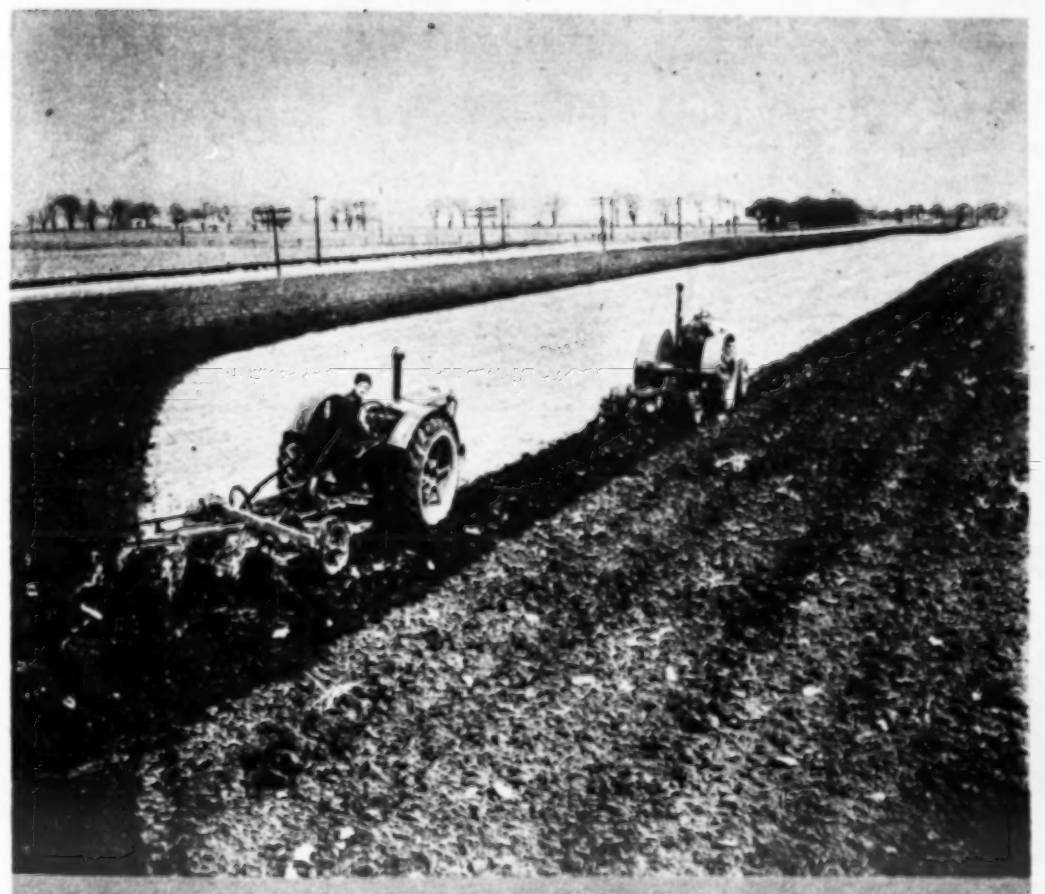
NORTH DAKOTA Jackie Card, who drives the milk cows into the fine barn on his father's farm near Fargo, is one of the many youngsters who have helped get the work done during the war years. Farmers themselves must spend their time in the fields. That's where Farmer Leif Erickson is as he holds up a double handful of seed for the state's biggest crop: spring wheat. About the only things idle around the farm these days are the big Belgian draft horses. Tractors have left them with only minor hauling tasks. Some of these horses sell for as low as $20 each.

ALABAMA In the country around Mobile is concentrated the nation's largest new-potato production. Negroes, who are loading cuttings on this planter, live on the plantation and are paid a weekly wage. In addition, they get all they want to eat of anything grown on the farm. For every sack of cuttings which the planter buries and fertilizes in one operation, the farmer will harvest eight to 10 sacks of new potatoes. Cabbage is another big southern Alabama crop. Tom Trippe, superintendent of the Warley plantation near Theodore, is proud of this sample from his 120-acre patch.

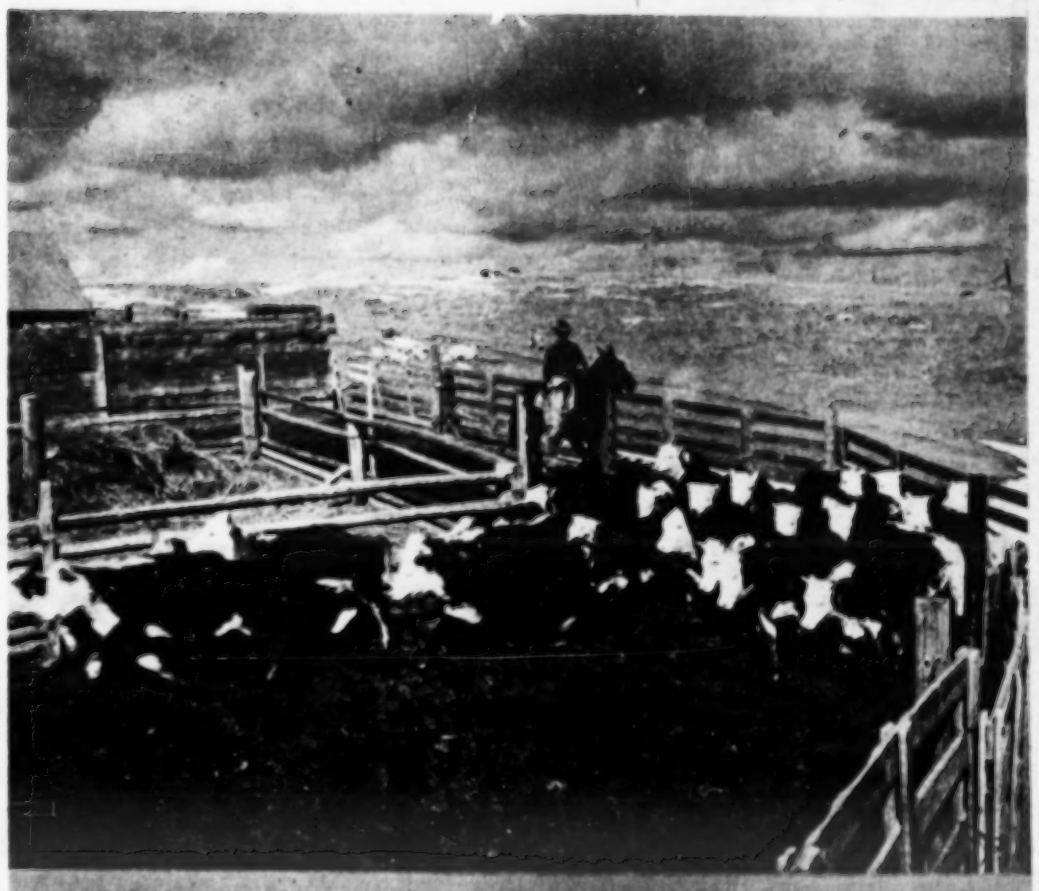


NEW HAMPSHIRE Lambs are one sign of spring on a New England farm. These ewes graze with their lambs on picturesque farm near Tamworth. As on farms throughout the nation, agriculture here is being handled by the very young and the very old. Thirteen-year-old Wesley Ames has learned to work a team of oxen almost as well as old Wesley Tewksbury. Asked by Sgt. Ernest Ross of Tamworth, back from 15 months in the Pacific, why he didn't shave, the old man said: "Well son, God put them whiskers on my face and who am I to take 'em off?" That's an ox he's leaning on.

IOWA Hogs are the main reason for Iowa's tall corn. Much of the state's great corn crop goes to feed stock such as this spotted Poland China sow and her spring litter on the Clyde Jameson farm near Greenfield. A considerable portion of the crop goes into corn meal and other products for human use. Distilleries use a lot of corn. In fact, corn to be produced in the field Harold Moffitt is plowing on his rolling 160-acre farm in Adair County may some day wind up as bottled-in-bond bourbon. Spotlight under driver's seat enables Moffitt to plow at night if his time is short.



ILLINOIS Two tractors break up a field for oats on the Howard Culp farm near Decatur. Forward tractor is driven by Carl Cutler, 13, who works after school and on Saturdays. Rear tractor is driven by a hired man whose draft board deferred him for general farm work.



MONTANA Rancher Al Rehberg herds some of his 450 head of Hereford cattle into his stockpens. Past 70, Rehberg does all the work on his 10,240-acre ranch just over the rimrocks from Billings. He has on the old-time cowboy's trademark: sheepskin chaps.

KENTUCKY Farmer Lawrence Keller, of near Owensboro, and a hired man tend burley plant beds which will produce five acres of cigarette tobacco. In far background, Keller's son drives manure spreader over field in which burley plants will be reset.

INDIANA Albert Weil drives the tractor while his sons spray arsenic and lime on his winesap orchard near Evansville. Spray kills larvae of coddling moth which otherwise would destroy entire crop. His average is 15 bushels of apples per tree each season.

By Pfc. MACK WILLIAMS

ITALY—It was Christmas Eve when I found out that Jimmy was missing in action. I was hurrying back to headquarters through the icy rain, and right in the middle of the little Itie village somebody yelled at me. I didn't know the guy's name, but I remembered he was from Jimmy's group. "Say," he said, "did you hear about Jim?"

I knew then. It couldn't be anything else when he said it that way. "What happened?" I asked.

"Nobody knows for sure. There's always different stories. Somebody said they ran into a mountain because of the fog, and somebody else said the plane was shot to hell and they had to bail out over enemy territory."

I wasn't really listening to him. I was thinking back to last night when Jimmy, Al and I had been sitting in a little wine joint drinking *muscato* and singing with the lousy little three-piece orchestra. All of a sudden Jimmy had asked me how the mission was for tomorrow. That had gotten to be a kind of joke between us. Because I was in headquarters, the guys from the groups always seemed to think I knew all about everything. Even when I did know what their target would be the next day, which wasn't often, I couldn't tell them, so I always gave the same answer, "It's a milk run, boy."

That's what I'd said to Jimmy, and he had laughed and said, "That's good, because I want to spend Christmas Eve with you and Al." Well, here it was Christmas Eve and Al would be meeting me soon.

Al and Jimmy were from the same little town in the States and had known each other most of their lives. I'd only known them for a few months, but we seemed to hit it off right from the start. We spent all our free time together, even though we were in different outfits. Men get to know each other faster overseas; maybe because they're lonely as hell and need to feel close to someone. Anyway, it wasn't long before the three of us felt like we'd been friends for years. We'd try to help each other, advise each other and all that. There was the time Al got some bad news from home and went off the deep end. Jimmy and I followed him to every wine joint in town, telling him he was drinking too much, and he finally put us both to bed.

MILK RUN

"Well, I've got to go," I said. "If you hear anything, let me know, will you?" I went back to the office and tried to do some work, but I couldn't concentrate on it. All I could think about was that Al would be waiting for me in a couple of hours, and I didn't know what to say to him.

A captain came in with a bottle of Scotch and offered me a drink. I had a couple of shots but it didn't make me feel any better.

At 5 o'clock I went over to the wine joint. Al was already there and had three drinks on the table. The first one there always ordered a round. I stood at the end of the crowded room for a few minutes, watching Al. He was talking to Mario, the waiter, and laughing. The orchestra was playing "I'll Be Seeing You." I went over and said, "Hi boy, *che si dice?*"

"*Niente*," Al said. "What's new?"

I wondered if he was really looking at me kind of funny or if I just imagined it. I started to light a cigarette and dropped my lighter. "What's the matter?" Al asked. "Nervous in the service?"

"Must be, I'm sure not crackin' up from shackin' up." We'd used that routine a hundred times, but it was always good for a laugh.

"Well, here's a go," Al said. "Bottoms up."

I downed my drink and motioned to Mario to fill 'em up. A couple of headquarters men came by and said Merry Christmas. "Have a drink," I said. They pulled up chairs and one of them brought out a bottle of cognac. We drank from the bottle and used the wine for a chaser. Al asked, "What time is it?" Somebody told him 5:30, and he said, "Jimmy must have missed the 4:30 truck."

"Order another round," I said. "I'll be back in a minute. "I went out in the rain and walked down the street a ways. I was sick as hell. I leaned against a tree and vomited.

"What's the matter?" Al said. I hadn't heard him come up behind me.

"I'm sick," I said. "I'll be okay in a minute."

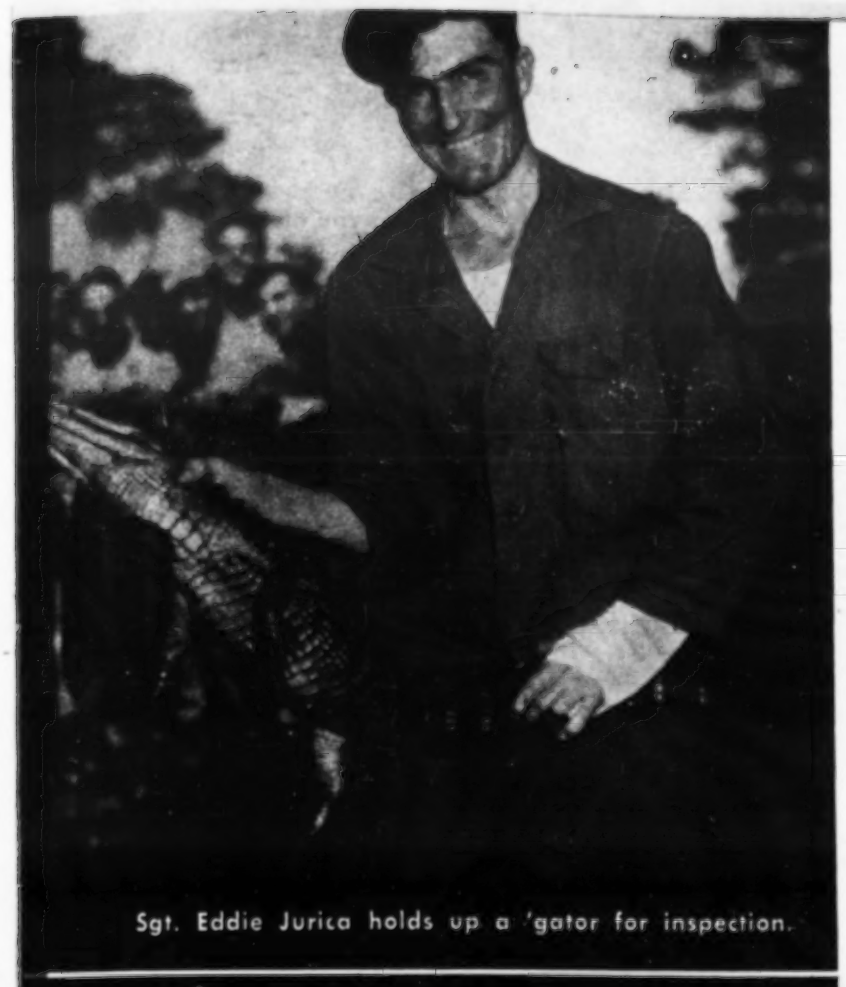
"What the hell?' he said. "How much have you had to drink?"

"Not much. Guess I ate too much or something." I blew my nose and turned around to face him. He was looking at me now all right. He was looking straight through me. "Al," I said. "Al——"

"Come on, let's go back," he said suddenly. I could see the hard line along his jaw he always got when he clenched his teeth.

WHEN we got back the other two guys were gone, and there were three glasses of *muscato* on the table. "Well, here's a go," Al said. "Bottoms up." He drank and then he picked up the third glass, poured half the wine into my glass and half into his, and smashed the empty glass on the floor. Mario started toward us, saw Al's face and stopped.

"Here's a go," Al whispered.



Sgt. Eddie Jurica holds up a 'gator for inspection.

CAMP NEWS

Crazy Over Reptiles

Boca Raton AAF, Fla.—Sgt. Eddie Jurica keeps himself entertained in his spare time by hunting snakes, lizards and alligators. Jurica doesn't take on the big 'gators as Johnny Weissmuller does in the movies, but then wrestling alligators on a movie set is a lot different from tangling with one in the Everglades.

Jurica comes from La Grange, Tex., where, he says, "there are lots of snakes." Since arriving here he has successfully taken on 12 'gators, but not without a little memento from one of them, as can be seen in the accompanying photo.

"When I see one small enough," says Jurica, "I just jump into the water and grab him. They fight with their tails, so I have to keep out of the way. And I have to hold their mouths shut, too. Once my grip slipped and this 'gator chewed up one hand. Made me mad."

Out in the field his buddies depend on him for information on snakes. "One fellow swore he had a copperhead," he recalls. "I swore it wasn't one, and I picked it up and played with it to prove my point. Of course I was right or I might not be here now."

Sgt. Carroll Jewell got emergency aid from Gen. Patton.

Gen. Patton as Medic

Camp Carson, Colo.—Sgt. Carroll Jewell, now at the ASF Convalescent Hospital here, had heard a great deal about Gen. Patton but had never seen him until one day during the Third Army break-through in France last summer. A German machine-gun bullet caught the sergeant in the shoulder and knocked him from his tank. Three men came running to his aid.

"There was no feeling in my right arm," Jewell says. "I thought I had lost it and asked one of the medics about it." The third man bent down and eased his arm from behind him where it had twisted in the fall. "Here is your arm, soldier," he said, moving it before Jewell's eyes so that he could see it. Then Jewell recognized him. He was Gen. Patton.

"He pitched right in as though he were a medic and applied pressure to an artery to halt bleeding," Jewell says. "I think that I may owe my life to him. He had my head on his knee while he was applying pressure and the medics were bandaging my shoulder."

Jewell was then helped to his feet, and the general escorted him to a jeep that was to take him to the aid station.

"He patted me on my good shoulder and told me, 'Don't worry, soldier. You'll come out all right.' That's what I like about the guy. He was right up there with us all the time while hell was popping."

CONFERENCE SOLDIERS. These GIs, all first three graders, were selected as guards and staff car drivers at the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. They are from Tonopah Field, Nevada. L. to r. (standing): M/Sgt. Robert Cook, M/Sgt. Edward Brazas, 1st Sgt. LeRoy Purcell, T/Sgt. William Waldo, T/Sgt. Kenneth Long and, (kneeling) S/Sgts. Milton Connely, Emmett Welch, Orin Bunn, Peter Lucich and Mareon Baker.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Pvt. James Warren Darling, a medic here, has written a song which recently had its national-radio premiere through the medium of Ginny Simms. The song is "You Came to Me" and was written as an evening pastime by Darling, who is a former Federal meat inspector in St. Louis. Friends urged him to take it to a publisher. As a result he is now making plans for a post-war career as a composer.

Sioux Falls AAF, S. D.—It looked like Broadway during a celebration for a returning hero when members of the post band at the Training Command Radio School saw their library of music go fluttering off in swirl of wind that hit while they were packing up after a job. After a frantic search the boys recovered all but one sheet of music—the saxophone part of Benny Goodman's arrangement of "Gone With What Wind."

Camp Maxey, Tex.—A lone private stole the show when Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell visited here recently. The private failed to salute and immediately was surrounded by a score of high-ranking officers who demanded to know the reason. "I'm sorry, sirs," said the bewildered no-striper in a timid voice, "but I didn't see any blue 'O' sign on the general's car, so how did I know he was an officer?"

Foster General Hospital, Jackson, Miss.—"I'd rather meet a Jap any day than a caribou," says Pfc. Marion V. Talley of Ward, Ark., recently arrived here from the Philippines. The only casualty when his Infantry outfit went ashore on Luzon, he was attacked and gored by a caribou about 1,200 yards inland. "The last time I saw him," Talley says, "he was still running, although my buddies had shot him six times."

AGF and SF Redistribution Station, Santa Barbara, Calif.—Fishing from one of the craft operated out of this station, a returning overseas veteran might have been excused if he bragged that he caught a flying fish. A pelican mistook his shining spinner lure for a small fish as it was trolled through the water and hooked on to it.

BY THE LETTERS

Camp Croft, S. C.—A couple of soldiers in the Infantry Replacement Training Center here, inspired by the alphabetic abbreviations used by the Army, worked out this history of a soldier's career in the Army, using every letter in the alphabet: 1-A, RC, IQ, PX, KP, TS, SNAFU, IRTC, BN, ITB, GFU, AWOL, MP, CM, JA, PBY, POM, POE, APO, V-1, CDD, PH, DSC, Z1, USA, HOME.

Post Office Has Competition

Dibble General Hospital, Menlo Park, Calif.—The Red Cross staff worker answered the phone and heard a patient frantically demanding "the key to the large mail box in front of the information desk."

"I'm sorry," she told him, "but I'm afraid you'll have to call the post office about that." There was a slight pause and then the voice said: "That's just it. I did call the post office and they told me there is no large mail box in front of the information desk, but I mailed three letters in that box!"

The "mail box" in question is a box for suggestions by employees on improving the civilian-personnel program. He had no trouble getting his letters back.

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W·I·V·E·S

Instead of sitting around and moping while their husbands are serving overseas, these GI wives organized to help each others' loneliness by war work.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

"I'LL probably land in his arms and stay there as long as I can," said Mrs. Lois Brook, of Brooklyn, N. Y. She was talking about what she expects to do when her husband, Barry Brook, who has been with the Air Forces in England, comes home.

"I'm sure it will be a very easy situation, with no awkwardness," she went on. "Just love and stuff."

Mrs. Ginny Lyvere, of Bergen County, N. J., has already had a reunion with her husband, Pfc. Douglas Lyvere, who was wounded in the Pacific. "I'm one of the lucky ones," she said. "My husband came back in April. He hasn't changed at all. Guess we were both a little nervous, though."

"I've been thinking about this homecoming business for a year and a half," said Mrs. Micky Bordiansky, of Brooklyn, whose husband, Ben, a private, is still overseas. "I'll probably look at him and not believe it. But when I do realize it, well. . . ."

None of these young women seemed concerned with the much-talked-about problem of "readjustment" to the return of servicemen-husbands. Nor does the question trouble any of the other members of the W. I. V. E. S., the organization to which these three belong.

All the members believe that the problem has been greatly exaggerated and that, anyway, even if it does exist, it won't affect them despite the long separations. They think that their work with the W. I. V. E. S. has strengthened the ties between them and their absent husbands.

W. I. V. E. S. stands for "Wives Insure Victory, Equality, Security." Catch on?

The more than 4,500 members of the growing organization are all married to soldiers, sailors, marines or merchant seamen. So far, they have formed 58 chapters in New York State and 12 others in Alabama, California, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, New Jersey and Texas.

The chapters are generally named after famous women, like the Eleanor Roosevelt Chapter in Brooklyn, the Mamie Eisenhower group in Queens, N. Y., and the Bess Truman Chapter in Minneapolis, Minn. There are, however, a few chapters with such prosaic names as the East 21st Street, Flatbush, Chapter.

It all got started back in May 1943 when Harry Nash, a New York City lawyer-accountant, went into the Army. His pretty young wife, Naomi, moped around the house, missing him like anything. Her sister, Juanita Kaye, was also a service-wife. But Mrs. Kaye wasn't moping around the house hitting her head against the wall because her husband wasn't home. She had gone to live with a friend whose husband had also received his greetings, and the two of them were keeping busy.

"Right next door to their apartment," said Mrs. Nash, "was another girl, Mrs. Charlotte Bonime Ditzer. Her husband was in the Army, too, and she was living alone. So was I. So my sister and her friend suggested that Charlotte and I live together, just as they were doing."

Mrs. Nash moved into Mrs. Ditzer's apartment in Flatbush, Brooklyn. Four days later they gave a party and invited only wives of servicemen. They had a wonderful time talking about their absent husbands, whose ranks ranged from buck private to major.

"Just being together like that," Mrs. Nash recalled, "made it easier to bear our husbands' being away. All we talked about was our husbands—where they were, where they'd been, where they were going, and all that."

They got along so well that they decided to form a club. They first picked the initials, W. I. V. E. S., and later sat around and figured out what the initials should stand for.

Shortly after the organization was formed, the Soldier Vote Bill came up in Congress, and the W. I. V. E. S., with Mrs. Nash as president, decided that they ought to take a positive stand on the pending legislation.

"We thought it was our business," she said, "because anything affecting servicemen affects us. And anything that is important to our husbands is important to us, too."

The W. I. V. E. S. sent postcards to their congressmen about the vote bill, and some of them went down to Washington to speak to their representatives in behalf of the Federal ballot. They have also been active in favor of the Fair Employment Practice Commission. Some members, like Mrs. Harriet M. Falb, wife of Pvt. Al Falb, who was wounded at Bastogne, have spoken before state legislatures on public issues.

The political activities of the W. I. V. E. S., according to Mrs. Falb, a former executive secretary who now works full time for the organization at the Hotel Wentworth in New York City, are aimed at obtaining "for ourselves and our country a secure and peaceful postwar world."

That's the last plank in the four-plank platform of the W. I. V. E. S. The others are: Keeping up the morale of the serviceman, keeping up the morale of his wife and serving the national war effort.

The W. I. V. E. S. have become known on many fighting fronts for their publication, *Mrs. Yank*, a name that appears to have been borrowed from another magazine. *Mrs. Yank* is sent to all members and their husbands. It's a lively sheet, and a favorite feature is called "Our Husbands Are Heroes." This is a listing of awards and decorations won by husbands of members. Each issue names a "W. I. V. E. of the Month," who is chosen for outstanding work.

As an example of how helpful the regular chapter meetings can be, the W. I. V. E. S. point to a recent get-together of the Paterson, N. J., chapter, at which Mrs. Ethel Stanulis and Mrs. Amy Kremer became acquainted. The talk, as usual, got around to a discussion of husbands, and Mrs. Kremer reported that her husband had written from a POW camp in Germany to say that a fellow named Stanulis, from Paterson, was in the same camp.

It was the first news Mrs. Stanulis had of her husband since she had been informed by the War Department that he was missing in action.

THE W. I. V. E. S. have pledged themselves to sell $4,000,000 worth of War Bonds during the Seventh War Loan Drive, but if they equal past performances, they'll sell a lot more. At the time of the Fourth War Loan Drive they had only 11 members and modestly set out to sell $25,000 worth of bonds. Actually, they accounted for the sale of $112,000 worth. In the fifth drive they set a goal of $250,000 and succeeded in selling more than $1,000,000 worth. In the sixth drive they figured they could sell a $1,000,000 worth and ended up by selling $3,000,000 in bonds.

In tribute to W. I. V. E. S. effectiveness, a plaque with the name of the organization has been placed in a 3,000-bed hospital for convalescents: the money they raised helped pay for the hospital. The W. I. V. E. S. think that their efforts must also have paid for a powerful number of tanks, planes and field ambulances.

The W. I. V. E. S. are constantly doing things for their members. The membership includes all sorts of highly trained workers who are called on to donate their services and expert advice whenever the need arises.

Recently, the young wife of a soldier wrote the organization that she had just had a baby, was still in the hospital and needed a lot of shopping done before going back to an empty apartment. A couple of W. I. V. E. S. bought clothes for the baby, cleaned the apartment and then went round to the hospital and took the girl home. They stayed with her, too, until she got settled and accustomed to the maternal routine. The Health Aid Committee was told of a young service-wife who was living with her mother, a chronic invalid. The young woman's health had run down because of the intensive care her mother required. The W. I. V. E. S. found an institution to take the sick mother.

A committee of W. I. V. E. S. has been appointed to survey all the existing veterans' organizations, and a report will be issued on the programs of each of them.

"When the war is over and our husbands come home," said Mrs. Nash, "we don't want to break up our organization. We've got three possibilities. We can open our membership to our husbands. We can become auxiliaries of some veterans' group. Or we can retain our present set-up and find some veterans' organization for our husbands to join.

"Anyway, we don't want to just go home and sit and knit. Wives have a more important place than in the kitchen."

Some W.I.V.E.S. rally around for a meeting at headquarters.

Will you return your equipment in the same playful manner in which it was issued to you when you were inducted in the Army?

Separation Center?

A separation center, especially to GIs like YANK's Sgt. Ralph Stein who have never seen one, presents almost endless subject matter for dreams. Some of Sgt. Stein's happy thoughts are shown on this page.

They'll have a special course to teach you how to unmake a GI bed.

This little device, which connects to your alarm clock, will keep you from getting up at reveille. They'll issue you one to take home.

You may be able to return your shots to the same lucky guys who gave them to you.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

DURING a 7th Division offensive on Okinawa, YANK photographer Pfc. George Burns took this picture of two M-4 flame-throwing tanks searing the side of a cliff in which the Japanese were holed up. Other pictures from Okinawa are on pages 2, 3 and 5.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2 & 3—Pfc. George Burns. 6—Upper left, 41st Division; upper right, Signal Corps; lower, 15th Air Force. 8—Upper, Cpl. Pat Coffey; lower, PA. 10 to 13—Pvt. George Aarons. 15—Upper, AAF; center, Camp Carson, Colo.; lower, AAF. 16—Sgt. John Frano. 19—Sgt. Bartek. 20—Sgt. Ralph Stein. 21—Upper left, Columbia; right, J. Walter Thompson; lower, N.W. Service Command. 23—Left, Sgt. Si Friedman; right, INP.

Mail Call

GI Loans

Dear YANK:

I am an overseas veteran of World War II and have an "excellent character" honorable discharge. I do not know if that gives me the privilege to write to you or not, but if it doesn't you can always file it in the waste basket.

My friends overseas keep writing me about GI loans. Why doesn't someone tell the boys overseas the truth about the whole thing?

Just ask some agent about a piece of property and end it by asking if a GI loan will cover it, and then watch his lip drop, and you know then that he is not interested any more. He knows that 99 times out of 100 the loan would not be approved by the Government, because the Government says that a GI can not buy a property for more than the valuation. You know and I know that the sale price and the valuation of property have never been the same, even in the depression.

Why doesn't someone tell the boys that they must have a good business record before going into the Army or enough money to back themselves before they can get a loan, and that the loan is only for equipment and not for merchandise to get started with? In other words, "try and get it."

Why can't the Government loan the GI $2,000 and see that he uses it to buy a house or enter business? If he fails he can always go to work and pay it back out of his salary. Then he would feel that he at least had a chance.

I am sure that many a man would make good in business even though he had not been in business before the war.

It seems that our Government will take more of a chance loaning other governments money and equipment than they will on their own people who are fighting for the country they love. . . .

Louisville, Ky. —C. E. POTTINGHAM

Reluctant Hero

Dear YANK:

Having just returned from Germany, I was given a short furlough from the hospital.

I was surprised on my way home and while at home at the way civilians treat a man with overseas stripes on his arm and a few decorations on his blouse. Many stared as if I were a strange sort of a creature from another world, and those strangers that did talk to me wanted to carry my luggage (which I was able to do myself), buy my meals or at least buy my drinks. All this embarrassed me and I am sure I'm not the first one to have the experience.

I'm sure all vets like to be treated normally and don't want to hear somebody's story about being too young for the last war and too old for this one, nor the long stories of why someone was rejected and he wants to buy your beer because you killed his share of Krauts for him.

I for one wish the civilians would treat me just the same as they did before I went overseas.

—S/Sgt. W. H. DEHNING

O'Reilly Gen. Hosp., Mo.

Officers' Hardships

Dear YANK:

There is a general surprised reaction by the enlisted men to the recent letter of Lt. O'Flaherty in *Mail Call*. We never knew that the Army took such poor care of its officers.

As far as being in combat without the wearing of rank or insignia, isn't it true that this is done to keep our officers from being specifically shot at by the enemy? No doubt, the officers take as many hardships and chances as the EM. They are supposed to be leaders and not followers. Furthermore, we have yet to read or hear of an enlisted man complaining of the chances that he has to take.

We believe that his is a give-and-take affair with both sides contributing. But we don't like to be told that the officers are taking care of us and we sitting back taking all the grapes.

It is our understanding that the GI Bill of Rights provides educational facilities for officers and enlisted men alike. We fail to see the unfairness. . . .

Alaska —T/Sgt. JAMES F. BURKHARDT

Dear YANK:

My heart bleeds for Lt. O'Flaherty, who states that his total monthly income is not sufficient. There's a hell of a lot of difference between the pay of an EM and the lieutenant's $279.34. Besides the honor of working for about 20 percent of what a gentleman gets, the enlisted man has his own work to do right along with a percentage of the lieutenant's duties. . . .

Iran —Seven Privates

Dear YANK:

I bleed for Lt. F. P. O'Flaherty. If he is the same type of officer as the average 90-day mistake that I've seen (and he must be, since he gets $23.30 by multiplying 25 cents by 30 or 31 days), he is making more money than he ever made, or ever will make, as a civilian. . . .

Lt. O'Flaherty should have asked an enlisted man about the educational benefits which the Government offers the GI, instead of trying to interpret the regulations himself. If he had done so, he would have learned that no distinction is made between officers and EM in this respect.

Palau Islands —Ignorant GI

Dear YANK:

. . . Did he ever stop to think that it was not some freak monstrosity of nature that twisted his arm and forced him to go to OCS? . . . Does he figure that it's the $167-a-month brains that are winning this war, or is he broad-minded enough to realize that the GI Joe drawing $50 a month is there for some other reason than to look at the scenery? . . .

Fort Benning, Ga. —Unsympathetic Pfc.

Insult to Jazz

Dear YANK:

Skimming through the pages of YANK I was delighted to encounter an article with the simple and matter-of-fact title of Jazz, with an accompanying photo of the Great Peewee Russell. I expected to read a discourse on the state of Jazz in America today or perhaps a critique in relation to some of the world's jazz prominents.

Well, imagine my chagrin, my utter disillusionment, when I perceived that this article was no less than a joculary insult at all first-line jazz musicians.

Surely Sgt. Al Hine cannot lay claim to knowing (much less appreciating) the simplest form of jazz music or he would never have lifted his vile pen in profanity 'gainst—to name only a few jazz pedagogues—Eddie Condon, Duke Ellington, Muggsy Spanier, Jerry Wald and Ray Beauduc. And to rub salt in fresh wounds, Sgt. Hine, with no doubt a great deal of delight, sprinkles in names such as Guy Lombardo, Ted Lewis, Freddy Martin, Vaughan Monroe, seemingly to add insult to injury. Sacrilege in the first degree!

To our fine feathered bobby-sock fans (yes, we even have an overwhelming aggregate of them in the Army), Sgt. Hine's article should be inexhaustible pleasure, but please, Sgt. Hine, do not label your comglomerations with our most revered and time-honored byword —jazz. . . .

France —Cpl. ROY GROGAN

■ Sgt. Hine says he's got more bad time with Eddie Condon than you've got good time in the Army.

Children's Allotment*

Dear YANK:

. . . The problem that we are concerned with is allotments.

At present, we are paying $22 per month for a child that we each have and it just so happens that neither of us has a wife. One of us has been divorced and the other is a widower. But in each case, we each have a child in our possession with no strings attached. At the time of our entrance into the Army, one child was 17 months old and the other was 5 years old.

The sum allotted to these children by the government was and still is $20. All total, the allotment amounts to $42 per month. Now then, if we each had a wife, the allotment would amount to $80 per month. We believe that $80 per month is not too much, but then again, a wife can always go out and work to make up for the balance. We believe that a child with no mother is entitled to more than the $20 per month allotted by the government.

Can you tell us if it is possible to find a job in a defense plant for two children, age 3 years and 7 years?

Italy —Cpl. JAMES V. PALERMO*

*Also signed by Cpl. John R. Petrolia.

Navy Pea Coat

Dear YANK:

Please tell me why the Navy doesn't issue a suitable coat besides the pea coat to be used for work. As it is, we are expected to use our pea coats for work and dress.

It seems damn funny to me that the other branches of service have work clothes for their jobs. We aren't even issued a raincoat; it costs us $10 for one of those and they leak like hell.

When we go to work we wear our pea coat. When we get ready to dress and go out, we have to brush and do our best to look good in our work clothes. Seems to me they should do something about this.

Norman, Okla. —E. L. JONES 52c

Post-War Germany

Dear YANK:

In a recent *Mail Call*, 1st Sgt. R. L. Dalke gave us his ideas about a lasting peace. He said: "If [the Germans] can believe in Hitler and could be taught his ways, then they surely can be taught the way of democracy."

That would be true if the German people would believe in a philosophy as the American people do. After the last war Germany did have a democracy, governed by the laws of the "*Weimarer Verfassung*," a fairly close copy of our Constitution. Yet the German

"— me as a civilian."

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

people failed to make it work toward a lasting peace. It even provided for the ground-work of Hitler's ideologies and Hanshofer's philosophy of geopolitics.

The German people have lived by a tradition handed down to them by their kaisers and statesmen through the centuries; it'll take patience and guidance to convince them.

My idea is this: send American, English and Russian school teachers over there and have an army of occupation (made up of volunteers), with a league of nations that'll stand by its word. You'll guide the German people toward our war aim—a lasting peace.

—T-5 HERBERT H. TYSON

Somewhere Overseas

Roosevelt Tributes

Dear YANK:

Your issue covering the funeral of President Roosevelt is a magnificent job and it should be treasured by all who had the honor of serving under him. There were two lines in particular which seemed to me to be perfect tributes:

"This crippled man who once had taken a crippled nation and helped it walk once more."

"He was the Commander-in-Chief, not only of the armed forces, but of our generation."

I am certain that those statements, coming from soldiers, would have pleased the late President far more than other tributes from many high and mighty sources.

As one who served as a private in the Infantry in the last war, and who lived to see the great betrayal of our ideals in the years that followed, I hope and pray that this generation will not let that happen again. You are the guys who can prevent it from happening if you will go on fighting in our national life with the same courage and determination and skill that you have so conspicuously demonstrated against the Germans and the Japs in this war.

New York, N. Y. —ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Summer Uniform

Dear YANK:

. . . The GI summer uniform has long (more than three browbeaten years) been a source of annoyance to me. As issued it is sloppy, baggy and generally unprepossessing. Tailoring helps things out a bit, but it still looks too much like a filling-station attendant's slack suit.

The addition of a bush jacket, such as is often worn in India, would do much to sharpen up the uniform. It could be worn instead of a shirt on a warm night when something dressy is required, and on a cool night it could be worn over the regular shirt. Even if such a jacket were not GI, it still could be made optional wear such as the combat jacket is at present. . . .

China —Sgt. GEORGE H. CARDOZA

Dear YANK:

This is Miss Bonita "Pat" Holladay. Native of Montreal, Canada. Age 22, height 5 feet, 8 inches, weight 117, light brown hair, light blue eyes. Pat is a showgirl now playing at Miami. Determined to become a vocalist some day.

My name is Sgt. Johnny Bartek (free-lance photographer), one of the crew members of Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker the time we survived at sea for 21 days.

I made her acquaintance at Miami Beach where this photo was taken. No make-up was used for it was taken right after her swim. I've met all types of girls, but never one as attractive as Pat. So let's give her a break in YANK.

Fairfield, Cal. —Sgt. JOHNNY BARTEK

Free Lance Combat

Dear YANK:

Here is what I call the gripe of all gripes. In the confusion and rush of things when we landed here in the Philippines, I lost my rifle. So I reported it to the sergeant and asked for another one, but none was available. So he gave me two rifles that had been turned in for salvage to make one out of them.

Since I am in a combat zone and am not a very good gunsmith, I asked for permission to try it out and see if it would fire and also zero the rifle. But the first sergeant would not let me test fire it, so I took off to a safe spot and began to zero it. The CO came along at that time, and I was given four days of hard labor.

I completed three days of hard labor and was just about to start on my fourth when a Filipino came to our area and said there were some Japs nearby. The CO asked for volunteers to go out and get them. It took three hours before I got back and just as soon as I did I was informed that I would have to make up the three hours of hard labor for chasing Japs. What the hell kind of Army is this? Have we got to fight the Japs on our own time? This is just to cheer up some other dogface who thinks he is getting the hard road.

Philippines —Pvt. JAMES D. CLIFTON

Trench-Foot Victims

Dear YANK:

In regard to what to do with trench-foot victims, there are a number of us here at a convalescent center who think we have a solution. There seems to be a number of good men that we could release for overseas duty, and we could do their job just as well as they—mainly those guys back there in the States who are training recruits coming into the Army. There are a great number of good-conditioned men we could replace so they could be over here where they would do more good. Since we have all been through basic training and through combat, we could train men just as well as they can.

They send some battle cases (like malaria) back to do that sort of job, so how about letting us guys tackle it?

England —Pvt. WILLIAM T. REIS

Simple Plan

Dear YANK:

. . . Inasmuch as the mustering-out pay is insignificant and in no way reflective of the veteran's financial necessities, I propose the following plan:

A sum of money would be paid to the veteran once each year for the remainder of his natural life, to be computed on the basis of time served in the U. S., overseas and in actual combat. The time to be computed will be for any period between 16 September 1940 and the specific date 6 months after the duration of the war.

Each month of service should be rated at $4 per month. For each month served overseas an additional $2 should be included, and for each month served in combat a further $2.

For example, a soldier serves 51 months of the eligible period, of which 29 are overseas and 16 in combat. He would receive a yearly check of $294:

51 months	at $4	per month =	$204
29 months	at $2	per month =	58
16 months	at $2	per month =	32
		Total	$294

. . . The next of kin of all those who made the supreme sacrifice would receive $2,500. . . .

First payment would be made 2 years subsequent to the six-months-after-duration date.

Philippines —Cpl. EDWIN NACHMANN

■ But who can live on $294 a year?

Credit for Dependents

Dear YANK:

I have come to the conclusion that GIs favor putting all women out of industry to make jobs for GIs by at least 10-to-1 majority, with which I most heartily agree. But please tell me why these same men are the first to raise a squawk when a man wants to consider his wife as a dependent when figuring up the points for demobilization.

They all want to kick them out of their jobs, but yet they will not concede the fact that they are dependent on a man. Who will support a serviceman's wife? Let's have a fair deal all the way around, by giving the man with a wife and family full credit for all his dependents.

India —Cpl. ORVIS L. BERRY

Demobilization

Dear YANK:

I've been thinking about this demobilization plan. The best way it could be handled is to discharge the men alphabetically.

Tennessee —Cpl. ROBERT L. ADAMS

Strictly GI

State by State. As of December 31, 1944, New York had more men and women in the Army than any other state, according to official WD tabulations. Pennsylvania was second, Illinois third, California fourth, Ohio fifth, Texas sixth. The following list includes both male and female personnel:

Alabama	148,555	Nevada	10,177
Arizona	27,635	New Hampshire	26,789
Arkansas	102,340	New Jersey	290,662
California	453,057	New Mexico	35,515
Colorado	60,405	New York	900,563
Connecticut	117,392	North Carolina	186,353
Delaware	18,420	North Dakota	33,345
Florida	109,880	Ohio	434,089
Georgia	167,766	Oklahoma	124,736
Idaho	29,476	Oregon	61,497
Illinois	507,233	Pennsylvania	662,666
Indiana	209,991	Rhode Island	42,931
Iowa	133,526	South Carolina	90,196
Kansas	105,231	South Dakota	32,423
Kentucky	156,366	Tennessee	163,542
Louisiana	133,930	Texas	400,902
Maine	48,988	Utah	38,491
Maryland	122,934	Vermont	19,301
Massachusetts	257,849	Virginia	157,164
Michigan	321,405	Washington	98,510
Minnesota	159,722	West Virginia	109,610
Mississippi	120,723	Wisconsin	166,810
Missouri	220,881	Wyoming	15,252
Montana	31,774	Dist. of Columbia	56,532
Nebraska	69,046	Outside Cont. U. S.	64,384

Travel Ban. The WD announces that despite VE-day, it doesn't intend to lift the ban on wives or other dependents joining their men overseas. Continued shortages of transportation, food and housing facilities are the main reason for the ban. Wacs, Army Nurses, Red Cross and USO workers may be assigned to the same theater as Army relatives, but only on the basis of military necessity and without regard for personal relationships.

New Battle Stars. Two new battles and campaigns have been added to the list of Army battle honors, bringing the total to 30:

CENTRAL BURMA—Time limitation from January 29, 1945, to date to be announced.

ARDENNES—From December 16, 1944, to January 25, 1945.

Changes in designation, new boundaries and time limits include:

CENTRAL PACIFIC—New boundaries set, excluding the main islands of Japan, Bonin-Vulcan and Ryukyu Island chains.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—Philippine Islands and adjacent waters.

NEW GUINEA—Philippine Islands included in combat zone up to October 16, 1944, inclusive. Australia and those portions of New Guinea both south and east of Madang excluded from combat zone effective October 1, 1944.

INDIA-BURMA—Final date set at January 28, 1945.

EASTERN MANDATES—Air: From December 7, 1943, with final date to be announced later. Ground: From January 31, 1944, to June 14, 1944. This area was formerly included in combat zone of "Mandated Islands" campaign.

WESTERN PACIFIC—Air: From April 17, 1944, to June 15, 1944. Ground: Final date to be announced later. This area was also formerly included in combat zone of "Mandated Islands" campaign.

SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES—Time limitation from October 17, 1944, to final date to be announced. Formerly, this area was included in combat zone of "Philippine Liberation" campaign.

LUZON—From January 9, 1945, to final date to be announced later. Luzon was formerly in the combat zone of the "Philippine Liberation" campaign.

The additions to the list of battles and campaigns bring the number in this war to exactly double the number in the first World War, for which there were 15 battle honors.

Cigarette Rationing. Under the new cigarette rationing plan effective June 3, GIs in the States are getting six packs of cigarette a week. Cigar smokers get 24 cigars, pipe smokers get four ounces of tobacco. In overseas theaters, including the Northwest Service Command, cigarettes are allocated on the basis of 25 cigarettes per man per day.

No GI in the States may buy cigarettes, cigars or tobacco without a specially issued ration card. GIs being readied for overseas service at replacement depots and staging areas, patients in regional and general hospitals and personnel returned from overseas service at staging areas and redistribution stations will be allowed additional amounts of cigarettes, cigars and tobacco. For full details, see WD Circ. 135 (1945).

Nonhazardous Duty Assignment. In an effort to lessen the risk of further sacrifices by families that have lost two or more members in the service, the WD has decided that all remaining members of such families will be retained in or returned to the U. S. for permanent assignment or will be assigned to nonhazardous duty overseas. This previously applied only to the *sole-surviving* member of such families. See WD Circ. 128 (1945) for complete details.

Nancy Porter
YANK
Pin-up Girl

YANK's Parody Contest Winners

THE winners are finally in on YANK's GI Parody Contest and the grand winner, by Cpl. Norman J. Lipman of APO 565, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif., is reprinted on this page. Cpl. Lipman cops the top award of a $500 War Bond and the other 90 winners will receive bonds ranging in value from $100 to $10.

The contest drew over 16,000 entries from GIs scattered on active duty all over the world. The three most parodied songs were "Swinging on a Star," "The Trolley Song," and that old ballad stand-by, "The Wabash Cannonball."

It took enlisted men of the Music Section, Special Service Division, a good month to sort the chaff from the wheat and come up with their final 91 winners. These GI judges, most of them well-known songwriters and musicians in civilian life, were uniformly surprised and impressed by the high quality of the parodies submitted. Most of the parodies were humorous in tone, some were serious. The final selection of winners represents both groups.

War Bond prizes are now on their way to the addresses requested by the winners listed below. In accordance with Rule No. 5 of the contest, no entries—winners or losers—will be returned.

$500 War Bond Winner
Cpl. NORMAN J. LIPMAN

$100 War Bond Winners: Cpl. V. Strandberg, Cpl. Sheldon Harnick, Cpl. William Levin, Cpl. Albert Lipitz, S/Sgt. Hal Kayes.

$50 War Bond Winners: Pfc. Harold J. Miller*, T-5 Murray Hartman, Pvt. Sal Reo, Sgt. Sidney Wigder, Sgt. M. Weinstein, Pfc. Gus H. Crumpler, Pfc. Martin Weldon, Sgt. Margaret Jane Taggs*, Pvt. Henry B. Souza, Pfc. Buddy Feyne.

$25 War Bond Winners: Cpl. William H. Gordon, Pvt. William H. Bartholemew, Pvt. Harold Corson, Pfc. Harold Kotzker, Cpl. Roland A. White, Pvt. Robert F. Hand, Pvt. Edward James*, S/Sgt. Lloyd A. Rahl and S/Sgt. Edwin B. Weber, Sgt. Hyrum H. Richards, Pfc. Max Frankel*, T-5 Marvin A. Long, Pvt. Joseph M. Grego, T/Sgt. Homer R. Emons, Pvt. Jerry W. Michaelis, Walter Clark Sp(Q) 3c USN, Sgt. A. Hansen, Sgt. William W. MacFarland*, Pvt. Ralph DeLucia, Pvt. Gabriel H. Levenson, T-4 Emanuel Young, Pvt. W. Scheinmen, Cpl. Louis Rickman, Cpl. Paul Levitz, S/Sgt. Robert M. Cooper, Cpl. William Levin.

$10 War Bond Winners: Pfc. Roger D. Bacon*, Pvt. Bernard Ederer, Sgt. George Frederick Stork, T-5 Bill Duffy, Pfc. Bernard Bierman, Pvt. L. W. Kemmer, Sgt. John L. St. Lawrence, T-3 Edward C. Ohmann, Cpl. Myron L. Basie, Cpl. C. C. Slete Jr., T-5 Willie Gomberg, Sgt. Lewis F. Owen, Pvt. Mike Hourmouzus*, S/Sgt. Nathan C. Goldstein, C. A. Martindale PhM2c USN, M/Sgt. Marco F. Rosales*, Pfc. Lucile Robertson, Robert G. Moody Y3c USN, Sgt. D. A. Robinson, Sgt. Keith Cox, Cpl. Wilbur M. Dugat, Pfc. Wendell W. Peoples, T-4 Jack Pope*, A/T Earl Kuntz, Cpl. Kenneth J. Poli, Robert J. East Y3c USN, John P. Anas MM1c USN, Pvt. Martin Greenbaum, Pfc. Norman G. Rankin*, Pfc. Samuel Cohen, Pvt. Sam Miller, Cpl. Gene W. Cote, Sgt. M. Cherello, Cpl. Charles Kral Jr., Pfc. Herbert Lederer, Pfc. Philip E. Meyer, Pfc. George F. Johnson, Pvt. H. Affros, Sgt. Jack P. Dougherty, Sgt. Kathleen M. Nealis, Sgt. Frank A. Schuerger, T-5 Carl L. Shute, Pfc. Kenneth Fuller and Pfc. George Stephens, Thomas Macklin Y1c USN*, T-5 Donald A. Watson, T-5 Mike Dolinko, Pfc. Hank Siewart, Cpl. Harry V. Beck*, Sgt. Philip E. Medley.

Honorable Mention: Cpl. Sam Musicant, Pvt. Johnny Cherry, Pvt. Arthur Unger, Sgt. Eric S. Stigler, Pfc. Herb Kraus, Pvt. Louis Spiegel, Pfc. Joe Bolker, Pvt. Vivian Lee Welch, Pvt. Louis Z. Palmer, M/Sgt. Fred W. Seasholtz, Pfc. Alvin Chain, S/Sgt. Horace Joaquin, T/Sgt. Clifford S. Knape, Cpl. V. A. Larson, Pvt. Joe Zinaman, Cpl. Jack Lazan, Cpl. Eugene M. Gerrard, Pfc. Milton F. Roseman, Sgt. Herbert Pornhagen, Pvt. Richard B. Matheson, Pfc. Bill Shipley, Cpl. Ralph M. Martin, Sgt. George Hollowaty, Cpl. Ben Benson, Cpl. Joseph E. Sales, Pvt. Doyle V. Cockrell, Pfc. Bernard Toppel, T-4 Lester Asheim, Cpl. J. W. Garbutt, Pfc. Donald G. Mayne, T/Sgt. Sidney J. Gutman, Pvt. Clem DeFebio, Cpl. William E. Roberts, Sgt. Frank G. Ricci.

**These War Bond winners did not submit the address to which they wish their bond sent. As soon as they submit the preferred address to Parody Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y., U. S. A., their prizes will be mailed.*

$500 WAR BOND PRIZE WINNING PARODY
on
"The Surrey With the Fringe on Top"
by Cpl. NORMAN J. LIPMAN

B-bag, A-bag, down to the station,
'Cause I'm going home on rotation;
Yes, I'm going home on rotation
When the whole war's won.
A-bag, B-bag, ain't got a worry,
'Cause I'm heading home in a hurry;
Yes, I'm heading home in a hurry
When the whole thing's done.
My teeth are snaggy and my hair's gone gray,
And my lips are atabrine yellow.
My knees are baggy and my ankles sway,
But I'm still quite a fortunate fellow.
Map-sack, knapsack, what could be finer?
'Cause I'm coming home on a liner;
Yes, I'm coming home on a liner,
And it's oh! such fun
I'll be having on rotation when the whole war's won.

GI Oscars

SOLDIERS in eight theaters of operation around the world have been polled by the Army Pictorial Service to find their screen entertainment favorites, and Rita Hayworth has won hands down as top motion-picture glamor girl of the past year for her performance in "Cover Girl." Col. E. L. Munson, Chief of APS, which distributes 16-mm editions of Hollywood productions to all overseas forces, announced Miss Hayworth's choice and other poll results.

Bing Crosby won the best male performance award and Bing's recent movie, "Going My Way" took honors as best picture. Jennifer Jones was chosen best actress—not glamor girl—for her job in "Song of Bernadette." Eddie Bracken took the comedy citation for his work in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

Pollings of some local theaters varied from the overall findings. Thus, Barry Fitzgerald, also of "Going My Way," beat out Bing for acting honors in the West African Service Command voting. In the same theater, Danny Kaye scored above Eddie Bracken in the comedy section. In Iceland, "Going My Way" placed second to "Song of Bernadette" as best picture. In Hawaii, Bugs Bunny almost caused an upset when early voting placed him third as outstanding male star. Other areas polled included the Mediterranean, the Middle East, Alaska, Newfoundland, and various ATC installations. Conditions on the Western Front at the time of the voting made representation of that area impossible; GIs were too busy winning a war.

The awarding of these GI Oscars carries no furniture with it. There is no formal presentation of a statuette since it would be impossible to devise a traditional Oscar which would, at one and the same time, be typical of the tribute of GIs in Chungking, GIs in Rome, GIs in the Aleutians, GIs in Cairo and GIs in the North Atlantic. The awards serve simply as definitive dope on who and what soldiers like best in motion pictures.

The GIs below, who are voting in the Yukon, were among those in eight different theaters of operations who were polled on favorite screen stars. Rita Hayworth and Bing Crosby were winners.

THE petite and pert Nancy Porter arrived in front of the movie cameras via a circuitous route. She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, 21 years ago. She moved to Venice, Calif., but neighboring Hollywood never looked her way. She was appearing in a New York musical when a movie scout discovered her, and back she went to California. Nancy is 5 feet 2 inches tall, has brown hair, brown eyes and weighs 105 pounds. She is cast in Paramount's "Out of This World."

Morgan's Wedding

WHEN word leaked out Saturday night that Morgan was going to be married the next afternoon, a few of us asked the first sergeant to assemble the battery and march it to the church to see Morgan take a bride.

We thought it would be a good joke to barge in on Morgan's wedding. He had told only one or two fellows of the big event. He must have been cautious about the rest of us, afraid of the kidding he'd get. Ever since we'd known him he had razzed the "shackers," as he called the men who had married in uniform.

After breakfast Sunday, the sergeant called together those who hadn't gone on pass and asked for volunteers to Morgan's wedding. All who were present raised their hands except three men who swore the walls would fall in on them if they entered a church and Jack Track, who had been married four times and divorced four times and didn't want to take part, he said, "in any young fella gettin' hisself tied down to a life of misery."

A gentle hint by the top kick that there was some heavy KP coming up next week end changed the minds of the noncomformists. "After all," explained Jack Track, throwing a dirty look at the sarge, "der's an exception to every rule, ain't der?"

The first sergeant lined us up at 1300 and gave each man as close an inspection as any of us had ever stood. He sent two men back to the huts to shine their shoes, three men to polish their brass buttons, one man to replace his crinkled tie with a neater one and four men to shave. "Just like we was getting hitched ourselves," growled Jack, who had had plenty of sad experience in that line.

When we had re-formed, there was one man missing—Jack Track. While we muttered about his absence the top kick said nothing. His eyes were pasted to the lower slope of the hill across the road. Brigades of crazily painted wild flowers had captured the slope and were spreading out up the hill.

A soldier straightened on the slope, turned and ambled toward us. In a few minutes Jack Track, twitching his nose to show his disgust, handed the top kick a bouquet of tastefully mingled pansies and lupines. "Carry it," ordered the top kick. Jack Track carried it.

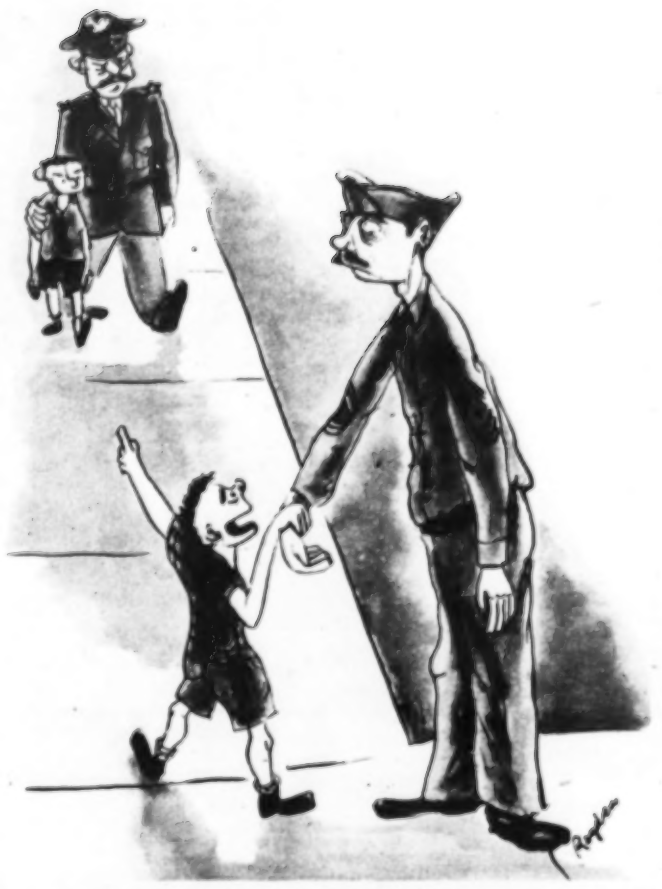
We marched two blocks up the camp boulevard and everyone turned to stare at us, including a couple of old-line colonels who thought they had seen everything. Jack Track, with his nosegay, and the second cook, swinging a bag of rice in each hand, led the column. The rest of us, four abreast and 15 deep, marched as strictly GI as any brass-hat manual writer ever dreamed.

The marriage was about to start when the chaplain saw us coming into the church, and he called a five-minute break until we were seated and quiet. He smiled at us appreciatively, nodded encouragement to the pale bridegroom and proceeded with the ceremony.

With the exception of Jack Track, who scowled throughout, we sat straight-faced and solemn, even when Morgan peeked over his shoulder to sneak suspicious glances at us.

When the chaplain had united the young couple, for better or for worse, for life and for allotments, the sergeant poked Jack in the shoulder, and Jack trudged down the aisle, mumbled like a schoolboy and thrust the flowers into the bride's hands. The poor girl was too bewildered to say thanks.

We filed out, and when Morgan and his brand-new wife started to pass through the two lines we had formed we chorused, "You'll be sorry!"



"There he is, daddy. That's the kid who said his old man could lick you."

—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson, Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

PX

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Then we rained handfuls of rice upon them, shouting, "Happy honeymoon!" and "Hurrah for C Battery!"

The Morgans dashed for a waiting cab and we ran after them, continuing the shower with indiscriminate throws. Some of the rice poured down the taxi driver's back and he started the car with an angry jerk.

The top kick re-formed us and we marched back down the boulevard singing "I Love You Truly."

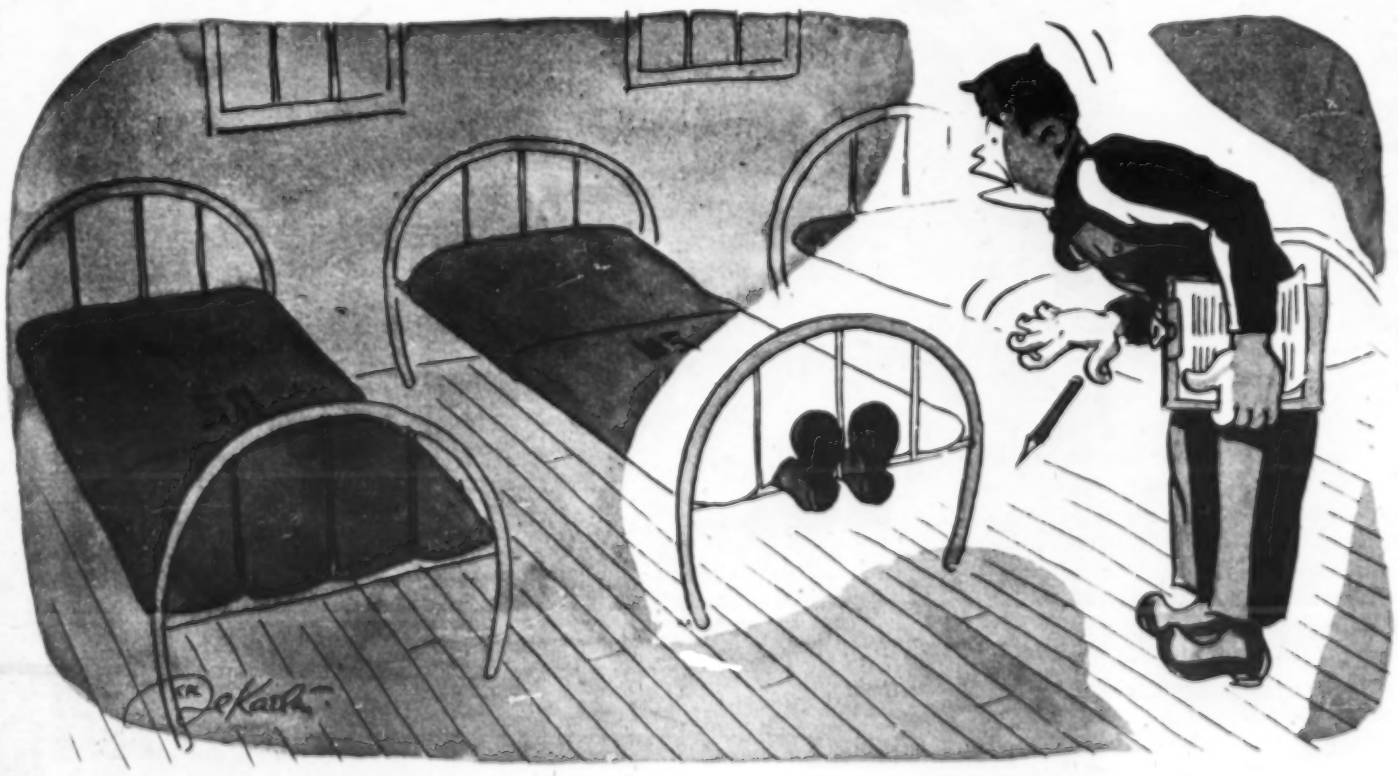
The next morning the first sergeant sent out a detail to police up the rice.

Camp Bowie, Tex. —Pvt. **RALPH FRIEDMAN**

TO "BABY" (A JEEP)

Philosophy ruins my slumber,
For war is a hell of a game
When every man has a number
And every truck has a name.

Camp Roberts, Calif. —Pvt. **BOB DOWNER**



—Sgt. Al Koelin, Olmsted Field, Pa.

A SONG OF TEXAS

That Texas moon has oft inspired our music men to write
Sweet ballads to be sung in states afar;
It's way "deep in the heart of" that they wish with all their might
That they were—and so do I. Then every bar
Of soulful melodies they've written, they could slowly eat,
As they marched and sweated and peeled 'neath Texas skies.
Let them write odes by the hour in the torrid Texas heat,
Let them cook up even bigger music lies;
Let them tell of Texas wind and sand and how the two combined
Bring tears into the eyes of any man,
As he kneels to yank the weeds around the barracks thickly lined
Or collects the sundry matchsticks in a can;
Let them yodel of the wide and rugged open Texas plains,
Of the round-up time and cowboys in the spring,
And while dosing up their sunburn or while rubbing marching pains
From their swollen feet, let's hear the suckers sing!
Let them take the state of Texas—take its wind and stars and sand,
Take its romance and its lovely silver moon—
And brother, please, don't fence me in, but give me lots of land
In the state of California—and damned soon!

Camp Hood, Tex. —Pvt. **BEN SWEENEY**

"No, I was whistling at the other one—the blonde."

—Cpl. Bob Schoenke, Ellington Field, Tex.

MY BUDDIES

There were so many of them:
Women from farms; girls from cities;
Brawny, loud-mouthed Westerners;
Fair, bashful Southerners
Who were afraid of the cold.
There were so many I met
And ate and worked and bunked with.
I took them all for granted.
But now I look back
And remember their faces
And suddenly feel lonely.

Fletcher General Hospital, Ohio —T-4 **JOSEPHINE PAGLIAI**

LAST WORD

The thievish tricks of all enduring time
Have ground this weary heart of mine to dust
And stopped the flow of many a silvery rime
That lipward sped in urge to tuneful lust.
For I have cherished things and watched them go
From me, victims of that unerring swing—
All clasped by darkness, by one swath laid low,
Far from the sun, far from eternal spring.

Pilferer of all that I have loved, this day
Have I to bitter wild rebellion swung,
And I shall battle, I shall not away;
With my last breath I'll see the last lamp hung
And muscled, snarling, as a wolf at bay,
Go down to darkness with no song unsung.

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla. —Sgt. **KEITH B. CAMPBELL**

The Soccer Situation

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Sports Editor

BACK in 1942, when the U. S. Army started shipping soldiers in large numbers to the United Kingdom, several of our far-seeing and all-knowing sports experts took a hasty glance into the future and predicted that exposure to the British influence would turn the present younger generation into a bunch of dyed-in-the-wool soccer fans.

Wondering the other day about whether soccer in the past 3 years has been able to replace baseball and football in our affections, we looked up Erno Schwarcz, the prominent Hungarian-American who acts as playing manager of the New York Americans soccer club. Schwarcz occupies about the same position in American soccer as Henry Kaiser in American shipbuilding or Thom McAn in American shoemaking. He is in a good position to know about the popularity of soccer in the Army because he corresponds regularly with 150 soccer players and fans who are now wearing GI uniforms.

Schwarcz admitted frankly and a little reluctantly that soccer still has a long way to go before it pushes baseball, football or even golf off the sports pages.

"Soccer will never become a major sport in this country until it gets better parks and more publicity," Schwarcz says. "And it won't get that until it gets better management with less personal politics and less selfishness. The development of soccer in the United States has been held back because most of its promoters have put the profits into their own pockets instead of investing it in building up the game.

"Don't think the game couldn't be built up. Whenever we've had real attractions and staged them in places like the Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds we've drawn crowds. Not crowds of more than 100,000 like they draw at soccer games in England, of course. But we've had crowds of 25,000, which isn't bad when you consider that not many people here really appreciate soccer. As far as I know the largest crowd that ever attended a soccer game here was the 45,000 that saw the Hakoahs—the famous Vienna team—make their American debut at the Polo Grounds in New York in 1917."

Schwarcz, who played for the Hakoahs himself during a tour of Europe, Asia Minor and Africa in 1924, feels however, that the cause of American soccer has been greatly boosted by the war.

ERNO SCHWARCZ

"Judging from the letters I've been getting," he says, "a lot of fellows who would have never seen a soccer match if they had stayed at home, are now playing the game regularly overseas.

"After all, it is one of the few games you find being played in almost every country in the world. The rules are the same everywhere. You don't have to understand the language in order to play it. I think it could be used to build good will among nations."

Build good will among nations? Doesn't almost every international soccer match end up in a general riot with the crowd and the players of both teams joining in the free-for-all?

Schwarcz shrugged his shoulders, said something about the wonderful feeling of rivalry that soccer inspires and changed the subject back to the letters he gets from GIs overseas.

He has been hearing regularly, for instance, from Sgt. George Barr in the Pacific. Barr was captain of the Brookhattans and a selection for the U. S. All Star soccer team before he was inducted. In Australia a while ago, he played for some Aussie soccer clubs. He writes that many GIs attended soccer games in Australia, for the lack of something better to do in the afternoon, and liked them so much that they began playing soccer themselves in their bivouac areas.

Sgt. Manuel Centanio, who used to play for the Brooklyn Hispanos and for the New York Americans, has done more globe trotting than any of Schwarcz's other correspondents. Centanio, a Jersey City boy, was in the North African invasion and has seen service and soccer games in Sicily, Italy, Egypt, Iran, India and China. In Cairo, he helped organize four GI soccer teams which played a series with Egyptian clubs. He writes from China that six teams have been formed there to play against each other and against Chinese teams. Some of the Chinese players kick the ball barefooted.

Another former big leaguer, S/Sgt. Archie Ballantyne, reports that when he jumped with his paratroop outfit in the invasion of Southern France, he saw a soccer field looming up beneath him. He hoped to land on it, proving something or other. But the wind carried him away to another spot, also probably proving something or other.

Schwarcz has also heard from six members of the Baltimore Americans and the Baltimore Soccer Club who found themselves in the same outfit in Britain and formed a team which challenged the famous London Police Department eleven. Despite the heaviness of their traditionally large feet, or maybe because of it, the Bobbies trounced the Americans, 3 to 1.

And then there is Pfc. Johnny Boulos, another former member of the Brooklyn Hispanos, who was playing soccer against a native team near his base in India when he had his pants torn off. In Brooklyn, this would have been very embarrassing for Johnny. But in India nakedness in public places is nothing very unusual. They didn't even bother to call time out for him.

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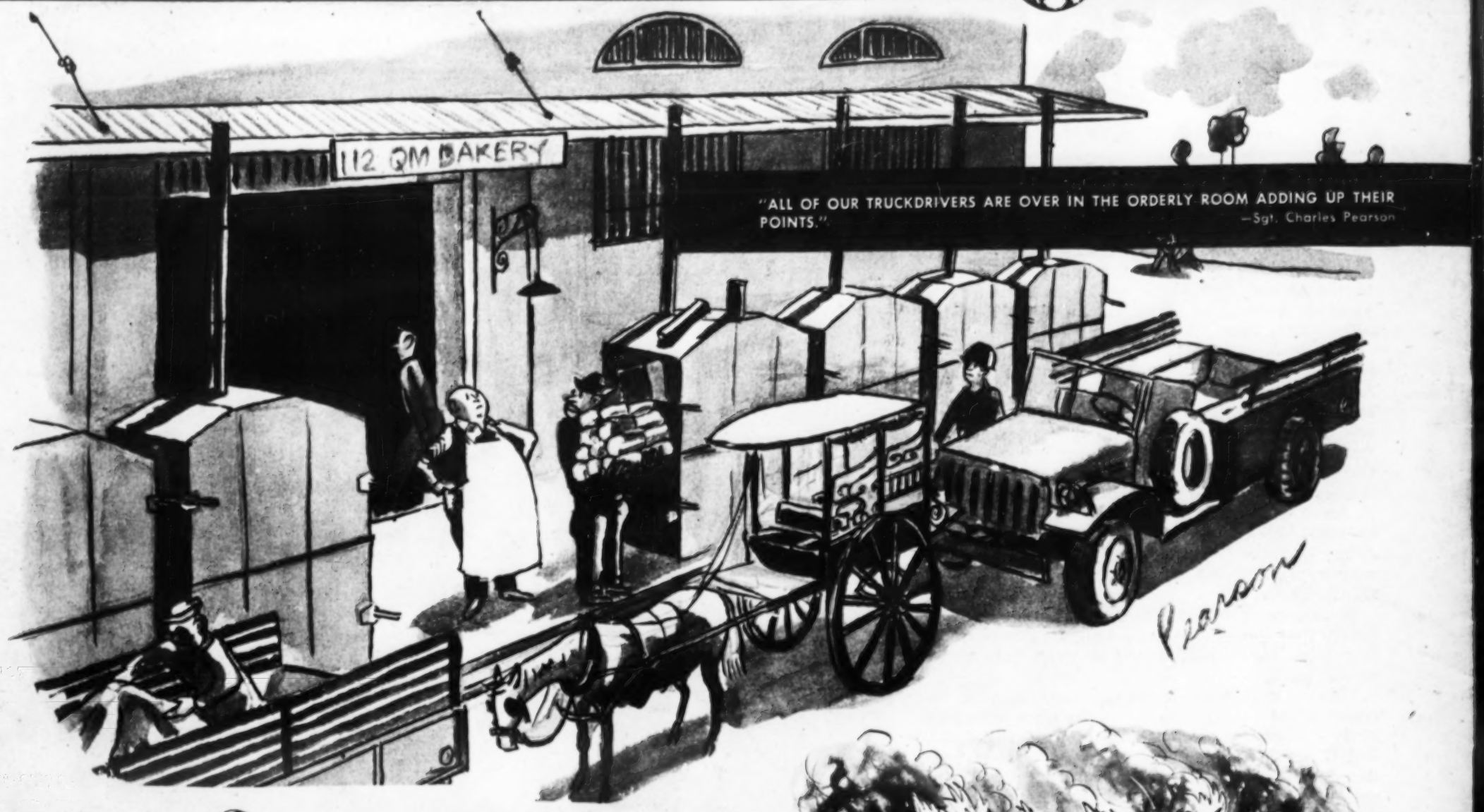

"ALL OF OUR TRUCKDRIVERS ARE OVER IN THE ORDERLY ROOM ADDING UP THEIR POINTS."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

"COMBAT FATIGUE, HELL! A CRITICAL SCORE OF 84!"
—Sgt. Bob Bowie

"DID YOU EVER LEARN HOW TO DRIVE ONE OF THESE THINGS?"
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson

"WHERE DO I GO TO DRAW BEDDING, JACK?"
—Cpl. Art Gates

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